

Modern Life, January 10th, 1914.

"Daily News" Spoofed by French Princess, page 858.

# Modern Life

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DRIVING FROM THE FIRST.

# Modern Life

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## ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

### The King, the Grand Duke, Mr. Munsey, and the Jewish Chief Justice.

I hear that it was on the advice of King George that the Grand Duke Boris went before the Lord Chief Justice of England to secure refutation of the slanders contained in the April "Munsey." After the trial, Grand Duke Boris drove down to Buckingham Palace, where he received King George's cordial congratulations. King Manoel met the Grand Duke at the Palace, and he also offered a warm and hearty "Brava!" to the injured Russian prince. I learn that King Manoel's lawyers are now engaged in a similar piece of litigation, and proceedings against a certain scurrilous journal which has persistently lied about the Portuguese exile and his bride may be instituted shortly. If so there is little doubt of the result. It is high time that Royalty took steps to protect itself against flagrant lying, and when the Grand Duchess Vladimir came over two months ago to assist in patching up the trouble which arose at Sandringham over the appearance in England of the Tsar's brother, her son, Grand Duke Boris, came over with her from St. Petersburg and took counsel with King George as to the advisability of his going into an English Court of Law against the Munsey Company.

The King, having boldly gone into court three years ago to establish the fact that he had never married any lady, but Queen Mary, strongly advised Grand Duke Boris to take the proceedings he contemplated, and though the case was put down for hearing before a Jewish Chief Justice, Grand Duke Boris did not jib at the possibility of judicial prejudice. (No Jewish judge would have been trusted to give him a fair hearing in Russia, it may be added, for Boris's father was the most bloodthirsty Jew-baiter in Tsardom. It was he who was responsible for the awful catastrophe of "Red Sunday," when thousands of peasants were butchered in the streets of the Russian capital).

\* \* \*

### Russian Grand Dukes as seen by New York Journalists.

The surprising thing about it is that Grand Duke Boris should have taken any notice of anything which appeared in *Munsey's Magazine*, which belongs to Mr. Frank Munsey, of New York, and is essentially an American publication, although it is also published in London. American journalists have never been known to quibble about the actuality of their statements about persons in high places when they wanted to secure a "spicy" article. And the scribes of New York have always regarded Russian Grand Dukes as *roués* and ghouls delivered into the world by the Almighty for the express purpose of providing journalists with the personalia for stories of appalling depravity and crime. So far the Russian Grand Dukes have refused to take notice of these slanders, but when it comes to allega-

tions of cowardice on the field of battle—well, the Grand Ducal honour is "touched on the raw," with the result shown in Sir Rufus Isaac's court the other day.

\* \* \*

### English Governesses in French Families.

By the way, Mr. Frank Munsey may be interested in a tit-bit of secret history from Paris. The *Daily News* the other day published a pronouncement by the French Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge that she objected to English governesses for French children, and thereupon a very hullabaloo seems to have been created. The *Daily News* took it all very seriously, and columns of that journal have been occupied during the week with discussions about the virtues and the vices of the thousands of young English women now doing governess's work in French families. The joke of the story has now come to our knowledge. The *Daily News* has been hoaxed.

\* \* \*

### "Daily News" Spoofed by the Princess.

The Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge, who has been tinnabulating against English influence in France, has quarrelled with her relations, notably Prince Aymon de Faucigny-Lucinge, who six months ago brought home to Paris an English-speaking wife. The couple were married in London, at the Westminster Catholic Cathedral, and the bride was no other than the redoubtable Mrs. Stickney of New York. The lady had scarcely arrived in Paris, when the old Princess began to take exception to her up-to-date ways, and hence the old *Grande Dame's* sudden irritation at everything English, and her letter to the *Temps* on the subject, which set the *Daily News* and its readers by the ears. As Mr. Frank Munsey was at Mrs. Stickney's wedding, perhaps he will be interested in something which is true about "people worth knowing!"

\* \* \*

### The Sub-Editors and the Four Queens.

To have permanently established in one small country four queens is a position which has not existed here within living memory. It exists, now, however. And, strange to say, they are the best of friends, and all more or less related in blood. By the way, it is six months now (July 12th) since we informed the world that King Manoel's wife would be known as "Queen Augusta Victoria." The Fleet Street scribes, however, found it hard to believe that a lady who had never sat on a throne could be a queen, and when the young lady arrived after her honeymoon a fortnight ago the reporters were hard put to it to describe the bride without committing a *faux pas*. So the *Daily Telegraph* got over the difficulty by referring to the happy pair as "King Manoel and his Consort"; the *Daily News* said "King Manoel and his wife"; the *Daily Mail* "King Manoel and his Princess," and so on with the rest of the papers. The only one which had the intelligence to realise the lady's actual position was the *Sunday Observer*, which boldly stated that "King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria arrived in England," etc.

The word "Queen" seems to have appalled most of the reporters, but their dilemma is now over. The royal bride's position has been established for good. On Friday, December 19, King Manoel took his wife up from Twickenham to "call" upon King George and Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace. Queen Amelie motored up from Richmond, and the large party of royalties had luncheon together in the Palace. When, the next morning, the official announcement of the meeting appeared, it recorded that "Queen Amelie, King Manoel, and Queen Augusta Victoria visited their Majesties," etc. So the reporters' difficulty is over. The *Court Circular* is edited by the King, and issued from Buckingham Palace. Queen Augusta Victoria is, therefore, the correct style and title for King Manoel's wife, and "Queen Augusta Victoria" she will remain till the day of her death.

\* \* \*

### Mr. Asquith Makes the King Squirm.

After the royal party His Majesty was called away to meet Mr. Asquith, who had some additional names to add to the New Year's Honours List. The discussion that followed was not as peaceful as it usually is in such matters. Nothing brings the puckers to the King's brow so quickly as the suggestion that someone should be titled. The King hates titles really, and is not over-respectful to people who have borne them for centuries; and the creation of new titles positively makes His Majesty squirm. Hence the final interview over the new Honours List lasted for the unusual space of an hour and a quarter. All this time the delegates of the International Conference on Life-Say-

ing at Sea were waiting to be received in the Throne Room, so one may be sure that Mr. Asquith didn't get his new title concessions without a lot of argument. What he said about the difficulty Mr. Asquith has found in getting all his nominees into the Georgian Honours Lists is well borne out by the fact that Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, the millionaire purchaser of the Bedford estate, who has spent so far got beyond plain "Mr. Deeley!" Mere wealth isn't quite good enough for King George!

#### What would Queen Victoria have said?

The pillar which blocks the roadway in front of Kensington Parish Church is to be removed, while the royal artist who sculptured it, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is still living. This is distinctly drastic, and certainly would not have taken place in the reign of the Queen whom the column commemorates. But a more asinine place to put a statue it would be hard to find. Kensington High Street is the shopping mart for all fashionable London. The 'buses turn off opposite the statue for North London, and there is a stream of 'buses going to Piccadilly from the West all through the day. For years all the traffic at this point has been encumbered by this absurd column, and it is time it disappeared, and found a safe refuge in the Park near by.

#### Stuarts and Hanoverians as Dead as the Dodo!

There was a statue of King Edward that used to occupy a central site in Birmingham. That also has been shifted. Now they are talking of moving the King Charles statue at Charing Cross. That seems to me quite unnecessary. It does not interfere with the traffic at all. I watched the statue stands upon ground which could scarcely be driven over, even if the statue were not there. Queen Victoria had a horror of any of her statues being shifted. She thought it portended hard luck to the family when the monarch it represented; but the days when the rival claims of Hanoverians and Stuarts were discussed daily are entirely over, and the removal of a statue nowadays has no superstitious significance. The Stuarts are all as "dead as the dodo," and the Hanoverians have gone with them, leaving the Coburgers in occupancy of the Throne, without one voice ever being raised to cast a doubt upon their "rights."

#### A Homeless Lord and his Family.

What is the secret underlying Lord Wimborne's sale of Merly House? Until recently that handsome Georgian mansion, close to Lord Wimborne's own fine place, Canford Manor, was let to that wandering noble, Lord Playfair. We hope Lord Playfair has paid his rent regularly, for we fear that he would have met with little sympathy from Lord Wimborne, millionaire though he be. Lord Playfair might also be described as a "homeless peer." He has no land or mansion of his own, and for years has wandered from one country place to another, never resting long anywhere. His General, Sir Lyon Playfair, who was ennobled something over twenty years ago.

Sir Lyon's only son, the present Lord Playfair, is a soldier, and formerly commanded the Royal Artillery, and saw bloodshed in the Russo-Turkish war of thirty-seven years ago. His father married three wives, the last being a lass from Boston, U.S.A.; and his present Lordship has been twice married. As his first wife left him with an only daughter, Lord Playfair married again, in the hope that a second wife would save the barony from extinction. His Lordship's hope was realised, for one son came of the second union, and Lieut. Playfair, who is 25, has followed his father into the R.A.

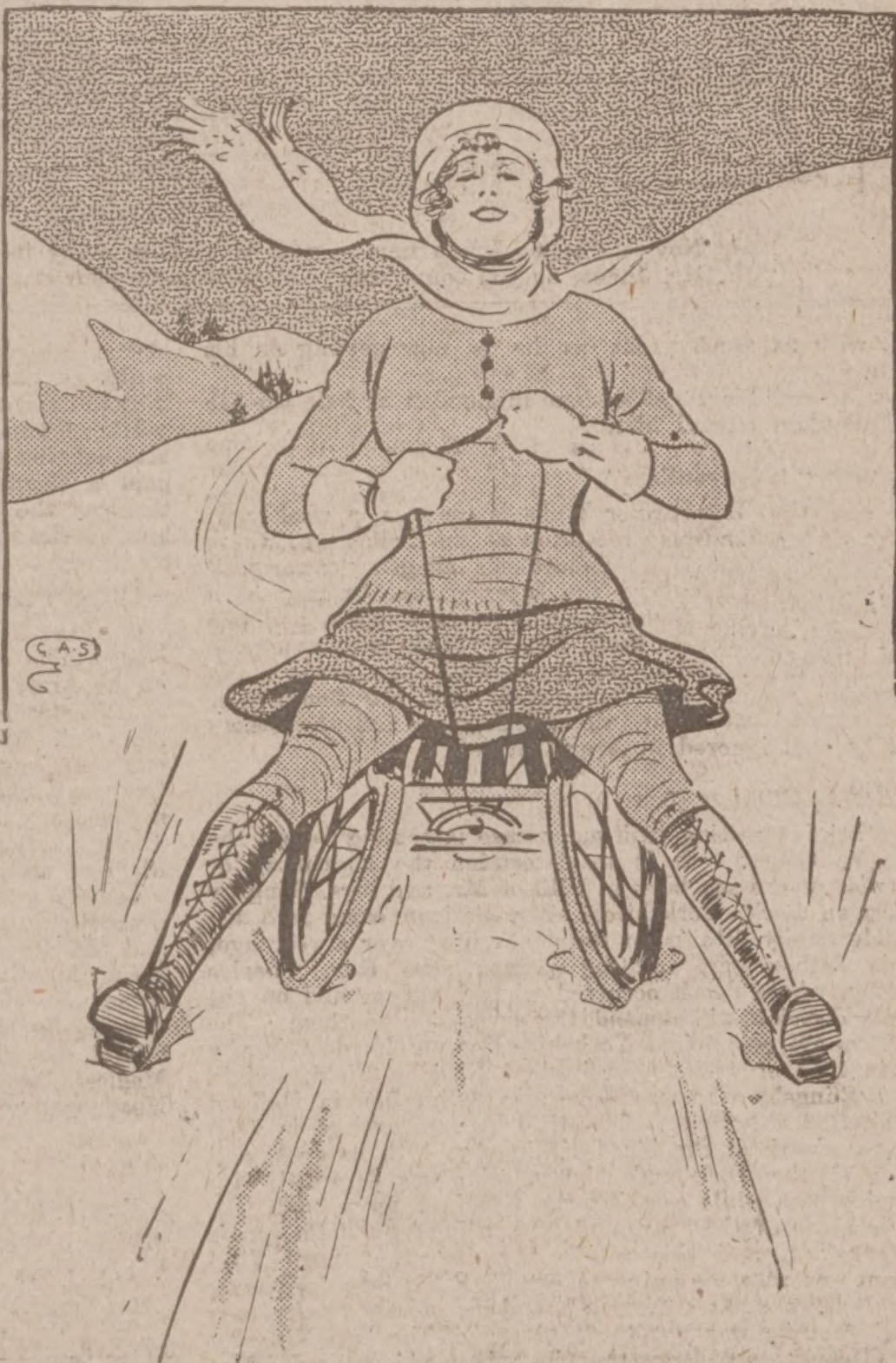
#### Three Legal Sensations Expected.

I hear that three sensational actions of the topical and spicy variety are to be set down

for hearing very shortly. One is at the instance of a well-known knight, who was recently ejected from one of the new night clubs, and alleges that an unprovoked assault was committed upon him by a "lady"; another is Mr. Charles Gulliver's action for breach of contract against Carpentier, the man who defeated Bombardier Wells for the European Heavy-Weight Championship; and the other is against Mr. W. T. Madge, the proprietor of the *People*, for perjury, at the instance of his former sporting correspondent, Mr. Lotinga. The latter, if it gets into court, seems likely to be a highly interesting case, in view of the remarks about Mr. Madge's evidence made by Mr. Justice Lawrance.

#### Carpentier's Notions of a Contract.

As for Carpentier, the result of the case against him may be safely surmised from the fact that, if he actually entered into the contract alleged by Mr. Gulliver, of the Palladium, his reply was surely sufficient to put him "in the cart." To Mr. Gulliver's letter of remonstrance Carpentier simply stated that he had "accepted a more lucrative engagement." Carpentier must be very young, or very honest, to have sent this letter, but it shows, anyway, that though a good fighter, he does not understand an Englishman's notions of a contract. His haste to be back in Paris was extremely ill-advised, as he might have got all he wanted in London, and still have exploited



OUT TO SLEIGH.



ENCOURAGING.

Lady Novice (to gentleman novice, who is making many ineffectual attempts to hit the ball):  
 "Oh, Mr. Jones, do you count the 'air' strokes in your score?"

Paris with as much profit as he is now getting on his return.

Now he could not get a show in London at half the fee the Palladium offered him.

#### Too much "Interlocution."

*Au contraire*, Bombardier Wells is (or was, a week ago) having a very handsome reception at the Palladium, where the remarks about the Bombardier's alleged "cowardice" might well be left out by the Interlocutor. It may be a good "stunt" from the music-hall point of view, and one to set the "gods" a-rattling, but it rather savours of the old Mogul days, and is not quite Palladium style. No responsible person ever suggested that the Bombardier was a coward—at least, no gentleman, and the others could be well ignored in Argyll Street.

#### Another Legitimacy Case.

Another interesting legitimacy case is coming before the Chancery Court. It is to determine the legitimacy or otherwise of the son born in 1910 of Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby of Scriven Park, Yorkshire. Mr. Scriven came into the valuable family estates on the death, just over a year ago, of his father, the hunting parson, the Rev. Charles Slingsby, whose death occurred while hunting, and on the Court's decision will depend the succession to them. The Slingsbys are an ancient Yorkshire line. John de Slingsby died in 1513 of wounds received at Flodden Field, and in 1628 a Slingsby who was Governor of Zutphen in Holland was created a baronet. The title became extinct in 1869 with the death of Sir Charles Slingsby, 10th baronet, and master of the York and Ainsty, who was drowned with several others while crossing the Ure in a ferry boat.

It is asserted that Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby's little son is a changeling, and this recalls the fact that Lord Fitzwilliam was at some pains to establish his own legitimacy several years ago. Certain members of the family suggested that he was not the real son of the late Viscount and Viscountess Milton, that he was a changeling, intro-

duced into his alleged mother's room at the time of his supposed birth. The facts were simple enough. Viscount Milton married in 1867 a daughter of Lord Charles Beaumont, clerk. Their first child, a daughter, was born in 1869, another in 1870, then a son—Lord Fitzwilliam—in 1872, and a third daughter three years later. Nevertheless, some of the family were not satisfied, so Lord Fitzwilliam settled the matter once and for all.

#### Kissing goes by Favour.

Surgeon-General W. Babbie, V.C., who vacates the comfortable and well-paid post of Deputy-Director-General of the Army Medical Service for the equally desirable billet of Director of Medical Services in India, has been much favoured. When appointed to his present office with the rank of Surgeon-General in the spring of 1910, he was a comparatively junior colonel, and superseded several seniors, any one of whom would have filled the post as well. The gallant officer is a brave man, also a clever organiser of great ability; still, others had better claims.

Quite apart from this aspect of the question, promotion prospects in the Royal Army Medical Corps were dislocated and the Royal Warrant ignored through Colonel Babbie being appointed Deputy Director-General. Again, continuous service at the War Office was particularly condemned by the Esher Committee, yet when this favoured official was given the second highest position in the Army Medical Department he had already been nine years at Headquarters, in spite of regulations.

Employer: I don't like to have to complain about the personal appearance of my employees, but I am compelled to remark that your chin is very rough.

Clerk: Well, sir, I am allowing my beard to grow.

Employer: So I supposed. But I can't permit you to grow a beard in office hours. You must do that in your spare time.

## MORE OR LESS.

## Blue Morals.

We all know, of course, there is nothing new under the sun. There are only the old things done in a new way, but it may come as a surprise to some of you to learn that as far back as nine hundred years ago the hat-pin danger of which we have been hearing so much lately existed, and protectors for these steel hat-stilettos were in general use. After all, why not? Women have altered little during the process of centuries. As far back as the fifth century we find St. Jerome writing to a lady expostulating upon the fashions of the day:—"An open tunic shows what you wish to show, polished shoes attract the attention of gentlemen on the promenade." A little later, in the eleventh century, St. Anselm grumbles: "Women paint their eyes to make their glance more seductive, they colour their lips, they dye their black hair brown, they give their breasts a rounded form by means of stays." Evidently the clergy were busy with our morals even before the present Bishop of Kensington came to his own. Again, it is a clergyman, an Abbot, who in the thirteenth century compared the ladies of that time to foxes. "Like him they parade, unblushing, the long tails of their skirts." I wonder what these good men would have thought of our up-to-date blue hair and—ahem—blue morals and clothes. I suppose these must really be blue, too, or else they wouldn't match, and we are only dyeing our hair to match our clothes. Women have always been fond of matches, especially the "made in Heaven" kind. \* \* \*

## For Sale.

We are all made of dust, but sometimes the dust is so richly over-laid that it is apt to be overlooked. It is only when for a moment the curtains of life shake in the draught of tragedy the truth comes home to us. Do you remember the story of Pierrette Fleury, who died recently in her villa in Paris through an overdose of ether? Much was said at the time of the wonderful pearl necklace belonging to this pretty frail butterfly of the half world. Well, Pierrette is no more, her place is filled, her name forgotten, and the pearls and the other jewels and the opium-pipes were all sold at public auction in Paris the other day. Paris loves these sales—there are many such, by the way. It loves to feast its eyes on the intimate belongings of these women of the half world. It gloats over the furs and jewels and Louis XVI. furniture; it stares longingly at the shining stones which were perhaps the price of a soul. Here, before this cupid-wreathed mirror, Madame arrayed herself for conquest; there, at the rosewood table, she drank wine out of Venetian glass! Paris shivers happily, and bids cautiously for the big gilt bed, the sable furs, the costly toilet set. Meanwhile all the Pierrettes turn contentedly to dust again, pleased perhaps to have done with rouge and life. \* \* \*

## Workers in Lead.

I was rather interested to read the other day that there are eighty-six women plumbers in England. Of these eighty-six no less than seventy-seven are widows. When you come to think of it it isn't surprising that these widows should have taken up plumbing as a trade. A plumber, according to my dictionary, is "a person who works in lead." Now everybody knows that most husbands are leaden individuals. They are more difficult to keep in repair than a whole bunch of water-pipes, and almost as difficult to find as a leak. So the

widows are not coming fresh to their work as it were. They have already had experience. \* \* \*

## The Tango and the "Times."

It isn't only women who are always twenty-five until they are fifty quite suddenly; there is a type of British masculine evergreen who believes in being younger the older he grows. I have never met him myself, but I am forced to believe he exists, else why the public warning as to the evils of tango dancing for persons over seventy. A woman and her age are strangers—true—but no woman of seventy would ever dream of dancing the tango. Why haven't men the sense to follow her good example? Of course the tango is a temptation to any man, youth or octogenarian. You are on terms of intimacy with a pretty stranger in less than a minute. So that one really cannot wonder at its popularity with grandfathers, who are by its means allowed to cuddle other people's granddaughters. I am quite sure, though, that men on the whole are really vainer than women. Every man over forty hates to be called old as much as any dowager. And if you ask me, very few men ever tell the truth about their age—or anything else. Still, as it is only millionaires and beggars who can afford to speak the truth, you can't very well blame them for that. Fiction is the one respectable garment most of us possess. Like Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak, it generally helps us to fortune. Fortune, we are told, favours the brave, but it draws the line—every woman draws a line somewhere—at favouring tangoists of seventy. And quite right too. There are so many other things one can do even at seventy. Why not, for example, have two-pennyworth of *Times*. They may be out of joint, but then so are the seventy-year-olds. And someone ought to read the *Times*. It seems a shame to use it only for wrapping up parcels and lining shelves of drawers.

LOUISE HEILGERS.



C N Healthcare

He: "I don't know where we had better go for our honeymoon."  
She: "Ever tried Venice? That's where I usually go."

# MODERN LIFE IN PARIS.

## Montmartre—the Ambition of Married Women.

During the festive season—which, as you know, starts here with Noel and ends with the beginning of the New Year—I went up-hill several times. I considered it my bounden duty—in your interests, *mes amis*—to climb up the Hill, dine and above all sup there, live and see how others drink in deep draughts from the brimming goblet of modern life! Montmartre, I confess, is not new to me, but—is it because I am growing older, or more philosophical perhaps?—the fact is that, this time, I saw life in the night restaurants in the light of a new day! In my innocence I used to imagine, as I am sure those of you who have made a night of it at Montmartre still imagine, that the tables at which gaiety and laughter are the loudest, where the men are *enterprising* and the ladies *provoking*—to use a mild expression—are occupied by habitual *noceurs* and *ces dames*. I was mistaken. Having made the discovery during my recent Noel peregrinations, I hasten to give you the benefit of my experience. How I found it out? Simply by listening to the conversations around me! The noisy customers, the ladies exhibiting beautiful shoulders, dainty ankles, well-shaped legs, etcetera, shouting *Merci pour la langouste! Et ta soeur!* and freely making use of such expressions as they imagine to be Montmartresque and *bon ton dans le monde on l'on s'amuse*, are—simple bourgeois, honest housewives, accompanied by their lawful spouses and friends. They are proud to be here, to show to the gallery how emancipated they are, and how unconventional. The greatest ambition of the wife—of the *femme du monde*—is to be taken for a *demi-mondaine*, accompanied by her *gigolo* or *amant*, just as the ambition of the gilded professional beauty is to be mistaken for a *femme du monde*. If you want, therefore, to study—and make the acquaintance of—the habitual *noceurs*, of the night-birds who are at home in Montmartre—you should look for them among those distinguished-looking, reserved and quiet guests, who appear to be bored and blasé victims of spleen and of sadness. The number of English and American ladies I met during the last few days on the Hill was simply staggering, and all of them were behaving very unconventionally! One of them told me that she came for information and—a little excitement, with which to season, I suppose, the monotonous dish of conjugal bliss!

## Femininities in Tango.

The new play by M. and Madame Richepin, with the very alluring title of *Le Tango*, is going to be a great success. With regard to this latest dramatic infant, brought forth by the poet, in collaboration with his wife, a good little story is being told. It happened at a reception or a Tango-tea; the poet and his wife were talking to one of the fair actresses who are to appear in the joint production—by the way it is Mlle. Eve Lavallière who acts the part of the young prince—when a fair Parisienne rushed up and addressed Richepin as follows: “Is it true, *maître*, that the Tango will be danced in your new play? If I were you I should be afraid—for all the plays in which the new dance figured have proved a failure. Are you not superstitious?” The dramatist, somewhat surprised, did not reply, but his better half came to his rescue. “You are right, *Mademoiselle*,” replied Madame Richepin. “I just saw you give an exhibition of the Tango, and I am compelled to admit that it is ugly and sad; it actually brought tears to my eyes.”

## Flowers and Laughter.

Yesterday afternoon I witnessed a beautiful ceremony, sentimental, delightful and touching in its simplicity. Thousands of work-girls, *arpettes* and *midinettes*, thronged the Rue de Corneille to receive the flowers, vases and statuettes distributed by the *Oeuvre du Jardin de Jenuu*. The mission of this institution is to bring some ray of sunshine to the modest, and often gloomy, abodes of the poor children of toil. Their modest wages are often scarcely sufficient to buy bread and clothing, and few of the girls could afford a flower or an ornament to decorate their little chamber on the sixth storey. Three thousand statuettes and flower-vases were distributed yesterday to the girls, who went away a little happier—

glad to be able to beautify their little nests, whither they return to seek rest after a day's hard work. I saw all sorts of girls yesterday, giggly and serious ones, quite young and of a certain age, pretty and plain, but all of them graceful, as only the Parisienne can be, and all of them went home carrying in their arms the precious gifts they had received, and which—to judge by the joyous expressions of their mobile faces—they appreciated highly.

## The Penitent Concierge.

Our *concierge* is an important personage. He practically regulates the life of the *locataires*; he has the power to make one's life a bed of roses or of misery. He may, if you happen to be a favourite of his, indulgently shut his eyes to your transgressions—such as coming home in small hours of the morn—and even give you credit for a few days when the momentous day of paying the *terme* arrives. But woe unto the *locataire* who has been foolish enough to forfeit the good graces of the all-powerful *concierge*. Great man, however, though he be, there are even higher powers than the *concierge*, and his own faults and sins are often dealt with severely. Well, a *concierge* was recently accused of the vulgar crime of having treated his better-half like any ordinary drunken *ouvrier*—indeed, he used to give her the stick. The Court sentenced the brutal husband to one year's imprisonment. Dissatisfied, the culprit appealed. His case recently came before the Court of Appeal, and the judges, in view of the evidently genuine repentance and sincere regret of the prisoner, reduced his sentence to three months. As he had already been in prison for four months, he was, of course, going to be set free immediately. The President then addressed a few words of admonition to the penitent husband. “Do you promise to treat your wife well in future?” “Yes,” replied M. le Concierge, eagerly; “I promise never to beat her,” he said, with tears in his eyes. But then the Court discovered that, before being taken to prison—and after his appeal—the penitent husband, who now promised never to beat his wife, had killed her—and would have to be tried again, before the *Cour d'Assises*. We cannot say that he, *le pipelet*, was rash in his promises.

## Doctors' Fees. The Economical Spirit of Croesus.

Few are, perhaps, aware of the fact that M. Henri de Rothschild, the author of *Crésus*, of Garrick Theatre fame, is a very versatile gentleman. In addition to his many accomplishments, which he could utilise as so many sources of revenue, such as being a member of the pretty well-to-do house of Rothschild, a dramatic author, and a provider of pure milk for babies, he is also a doctor of medicine. As such, he is naturally entitled to the usual reduced fees, or even free treatment by one of his *confrères*. Dr. Henri, so a French paper informs us, is supposed to have sought, a little while ago, the advice of an eminent practitioner—not for himself, but for a lady of his acquaintance, in fact, an actress, who acted in one of his plays. Electric-baths were to be the remedy. “You will, of course, treat me,” the noble baron is supposed to have added, “as a *confrère*.” Dramatist, milk-inventor, and financier, he remembered the privileges of his medical profession.

ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT.

This is a sceptical age. Every daily newspaper is trying to prove to us that the weather is cold.

George Bernard Shaw has achieved immortality at last—in his lifetime. A portrait model of the dramatist has been installed—not in the Chamber of Horrors—at Madame Tussaud's, which seems to give the lie direct to the belief that G.B.S. is waning, and not waxing, in popularity.

“Do you think,” asked the old-fashioned woman, “that we ought to have more battleships?”

“Most emphatically,” replied the fair young one. “I was at Portsmouth a week ago, and there were not half enough battleships there to furnish officers for the women who wanted to dance.”

# OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

## AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Why is the well-known author "walking-on" at a leading West End theatre? He has told the friends who discovered him there that he is doing it in the interests of a play that he is writing, but would not the old adage, "Cherchez la femme" be more truly applicable?

Sir Stanley Buckmaster, speaking before the Royal Commission on Delay in the King's Bench Division, stated that there were two judges who had "obvious mental decay." This has given general satisfaction in judicial circles, and each individual judge is now chuckling over the showing-up of his two pet aversions.

Which is the West End picture theatre that has earned such a doubtful reputation during the past few months, and is it a general practice of the male patrons to tip the attendants to pilot them next to pretty girls?

Does the peer who has just ordered a wig and side-whiskers from Clarkson's, intend to use them as a disguise on certain future occasions?

Exactly how much of her most recent successful novel does a certain titled novelist owe to the diary of a former footman which she chanced to find in a cupboard in the attic?

What is the truth about the scandal being circulated concerning a certain Miss Guinness of the famous family of brewers?

That a certain Piccadilly nut has just written a book on "Manners for Chauffeurs," which he proposes to distribute free to all drivers of taxi-cabs. Is the courtesy likely to be appreciated?

How did a prominent society man enjoy looking through the photo album which he found in the flat of a certain bachelor friend, and did it not come as rather a shock to him when he discovered a picture of his wife, taken before her marriage, in what looked for all the world like a piece of lace curtain?

That a certain Irish peer has just had an uncomfortably narrow escape from being made a bankrupt, and that people are asking where the very opportune cheque came from which saved the situation?

What is the truth about the quarrel between the two Duchesses residing in Grosvenor Square, and did the unpleasantness come about through the exchange of a certain French maid?

Some advertisers of a cure for rheumatism tell us how a contemporary of Napoleon the First cured his. We wonder what Adam used—and Queen Anne—but she is dead.

A pamphlet is to be issued by the telephone service early in the year to instruct telephone subscribers how to use the 'phone. Another little joke something like this is, when you try to sit on the chair that isn't there, and the small boy, who pulls it away, tells you your's isn't the right way to sit down.

What sort of stew has Dr. Cook prepared for the music-hall patrons of the Pavilion and the Metropolitan? And is it a concoction of "Mare's nests" and "Canards," with a few "Cocks and Bulls" thrown in?

That some of the London suburban papers have cultivated a nasty habit of cribbing from the leading London weeklies, and that they will strike trouble before long. (N.B. — Please accept this, the only intimation).

That sleeping in a waiting-room at Doncaster two hours is not included in the G.N.R. time-table of trains between Bradford and London.

That a dressmaker's model is not exactly the thing to waltz with, as the Bond Street nut found when the burly commissioner ejected him from Madame —'s premises.

What was the nature of the "dedication" written on the flyleaf of the novel which Mrs. Elinor Glyn recently sent to Willie Clarkson?

That there is trouble brewing among the Indian students in London owing to the fact that they very much object to their guardians selecting their landladies, especially

those of the "mothering type?"

A matron of experience tells us, in a morning paper, that a sentimental husband should not be allowed to sit with his wife through the interval at the theatre, but should be sent out by her for a cigarette or a drink. We can see all the husbands who read this breaking at once into tears—of purest joy.

Every New Year, when the honours are dealt out, it is the fashion to swear at the honest tradesman who finds himself among the blue-blooded aristocracy. Really, now, is it better to be made a lord for knocking people down with a horrible-looking battle-axe, or receive your title for building 'em up with sausages?



"Fer two pins I'd 'it yer."  
"Garn! Yer wouldn't."  
"Then I'd 'it yer baby sister."

## A CHUNK OF LIFE.

This is a story of Passion. Purple, palpitating, pulsating Passion—three palps per par, plus a preface by Elinor Glyn if you're lucky and I can persuade her to do it. Anyhow—

His baptismal name was George Griggs, but it was quite early in his remarkable career that he decided that Henniker Penruddock, besides being more baffling in its etymological significance, looked considerably more imposing on note-headings, visiting cards, cheques or other documents of a respectable (in a police-court sense) character. As George he must ever remain "one of the boys"—as Henniker he was obviously a little more than a duke and only a little less than an unsuccessful dramatist. . . . Say on the midway line where financiers dwell securely and the others fear arrest.

Success had early come his way. He had been three times bankrupt and once prosecuted. Out of each he had come unscathed and only moderately spotted . . . but his pass-book waxed exceeding fat. One more bankruptcy and one more prosecution and he would be a made man. Already his portrait had appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy and he was high on the way to appearing on the middle-page of the *Daily Mirror* under the heading: "Yesterday's Cause Célèbre."

And the woman? . . .

She was beautiful. No not beautiful exactly—exotic, intoxicating, and—er. I have a rotten memory, but you know the other adjectives that are applied to these women of thirty who are married to someone else and who play the deuce with one's hero. (I daresay you've read quite as many of these stories as I have). She was all of them and more. Flavour to taste, therefore, and don't blame me if the draught disagrees with you.

Her name was Mary Carstairs. I am sorry for this—it doesn't sound as if I were telling the truth. Such a name as that is all right for a simple heroine of seventeen or so, but sounds altogether wrong for a woman of thirty. No woman of thirty could ever have such a name—when the seventeen-year-old grew to that age she would perforce change it I expect. But need we go into these metaphysical questions? I think not.

She was the wife of Hubert Carstairs, a poor, weak fool (they always are, bless you) who was by way of being Henniker's partner and greatest friend. (This last sentence is a pure space-waster, as of course you knew it already, as soon as I had introduced them all).

He had dallied at her side. So far he was conventional—the conventionality of the unconventional. Forgetful that he must get on or get out, that to do so at least one more bankruptcy was necessary, he tarried awhile attendant on her smile (her husband had paid twenty-five guineas for the set of accessories to that smile of hers). A slave to her slightest whim, a fool to bend and twist as howsoever she might, he felt for her the frenzied love that only such men can feel for such women, as per the regulations made and provided in these cases (cf. Victoria Cross and Hubert Wales).

There came a day when he would no longer be denied. Time was passing and they both were beginning to feel it. He had his business to attend to—arrangements must be made for his farewell appearance at Carey Street and his subsequent benefit matinee at the Old Bailey. But what chance had he whilst entangled in Cupid's chains?

Whilst she—she—she? . . . (That's quite clear enough, isn't it?)

Hoarse with emotion he implored her to take the first turning to the left when the main route lay straight on up the street over the bridge.

"Darling," he whispered—such a pity he was so husky—"why hesitate?"

"My husband—" she murmured.

He waved his hand sneeringly—really he was very highly accomplished—and gave a short mirthless laugh. "Your husband," he repeated with withering scorn.

"Oh! Nik," she whispered brokenly. It was a jarring note, but he was wound up and it would take more than that to make him hesitate. After all it isn't easy to make a pretty nickname out of "Henniker."

"Loved one," he nixed. "I want you—to—well, you know I mean. Oh! damn it—I mean—well—you see."

"I dare not," she muttered, so low that he scarce heard her.

"Nonsense," he said brutally, "the time has come when we must make an end to this farce. You no longer love your husband—"

She shook her head deprecatingly. "He is very good," she urged.

"That—proves my statement," he snapped harshly.

This time she made no attempt at denial.

"Then—come with me. He will—divorce—"

She shuddered. "My photo—in the *Weekly Despatch*," she muttered. "It would be more than I could bear."

"Rubbish," he said. "Listen! To-night you must—"

He stopped suddenly as the door opened and Hubert entered. "This," said Hubert, as he lit a cigarette, "is what the facetious would call 'putting the lid on it.'"

The guilty pair said no word.

"I have heard every word you have said," he continued easily. "I have been listening at the keyhole. But don't mind a scrap—I am modern, and I gather that these things are considered the thing nowadays. Emancipation of women and so forth. Righto! Still . . ."

"By God! Carstairs," shouted Henniker . . . according to the label on the box, "I will kill you."

"No," said Hubert, "it really isn't done I assure you. Messy and all that. Besides you lose all the bunce that way. No, my plan is simpler. You shall have her—"

Henniker laughed mirthlessly. (Did he really want her in such circumstances? It suggested doubts.)

Mary snivelled. (Was Hubert really so willing to part from her? . . . The beast! . . . And she had always thought he had loved her so.)

"On one condition," continued Hubert evenly. "I will tell you the condition after Mary has gone to bed."

The two men faced each other—eyes a-blazing. Then before the honest gaze of Hubert's eye that of Henniker dropped and . . . almost shuffling now he proffered his cigarette-case. "A cigarette, old man?" he said shamefacedly. . . . Slowly Mary went from the room to bed. . . . At any rate for that night things must continue as they were.

The men stood silently in the lower room. . . . Minutes passed and still neither spoke . . . Eternity passed between each tick of the clock.

At length . . . "A mid-Victorian husband," said Hubert. "My method is both more original and more drastic. Come!"

There was that in his tone which forbade Henniker to disobey. Meekly he followed.

Straight to her bedroom they went.

On the threshold Henniker hesitated. "Oh, I say," he protested, "your wife's bedroom—I mean—I say."

Hubert smiled cynically.

"Come," he said quietly.

Dramatically he flung open the door.

Mary was sitting up in bed in a flannelette nightgown with her hair in patent curlers . . . She looked eminently respectable.

"That is all," said Hubert quietly.

Henniker gulped . . . and fled. As he descended the stairs blinded and as one drunken he heard the husband say—"And what is more his right name is George Griggs."

And in a voice broken by sobs, and yet with ineffable scorn, he heard her repeat "George Griggs!!!"

He banged the front door . . . and went out into the night. . . .

SYDNEY ERNEST.

Miss Manchaser: You know the old adage. "Laughs at locksmiths"?

Mr. Grouchmore: Yes. Getting in is easy enough but getting out is no joke.

Harry Lander tells a story of an English nobleman. "His lordship was introduced to me at the Tivoli one night so the story begins. "He asked me to dine with him, accepted, and then he hesitated and said:

"I don't mean dine at my home, you know. My wife doesn't approve of—er—music hall people, you know. I mean dine at my club."

"At your club?" said I with horrified look. "Oh, no, thank you, my lord; I'm sorry to have to decline, but the fact is, you know, my wife doesn't—er—approve of clubmen."

# OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Grocer: "Did that water-melon I sold you do for the whole family?"

Customer: "Very nearly. The doctor is calling yet."

## THE RIGHT MATERIAL.

Parent: Agatha, I feel that you were unwise in refusing young Mr. Simplismis.

Agatha: Why, mother, he's such a weak little man!

Parent: Exactly. The meek way in which he accepted his dismissal proved that he is of the stuff from which satisfactory husbands are made.

## THE GENTLE ANSWER.

Dora (during the argument). "There, have I made myself plain?"

Flora: "Oh, dear—I don't blame you for that."

## AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT.

Counsel for the Defence (to client who has been dozing during the verdict): "Wake up and get out. You're acquitted!"

The Accused: "Lor, lumme. Wot! Not Guilty?"

## PLAYING SAFE.

"An elegant time is said to have been had," painstakingly wrote a country editor, "on or about last Wednesday evening, upon which occasion Mrs. Gladys Brown (or Browne), who claims to reside in Pardie Street, is rumoured to have given a reception to the ladies of the Buzz Club. It is alleged that harmless games and friendly converse followed a repast, and it is claimed that the occasion was one long to be remembered."

"There!" ejaculated the editor, regarding his handiwork with approval, "if anybody can hang a libel suit on that I'll be shot!"

An old woman of tremendous size hailed a tram-car, and with considerable difficulty managed to climb up and get a seat inside. When she was comfortably settled she looked round at a man seated behind her and said with great vigour: "If you'd been 'arf a man you'd a 'elped me hup." The man gave a weary-looking smile and replied: "If you 'ad only been 'arf the woman you are I might 'ave 'ad a try."—*The Argonaut*.



## SLOW.

She: "I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips then."

He: "N-no. It was a piece of grit got in my mouth."

She: "Then for goodness sake swallow it—you need some."—*Sydney Bulletin*.



## AN EXPLORER'S ERROR.

"Am I right in supposing that this place is the central manufactory of the ornaments for ladies' hats?"—*Journal Amasant*

Trouble Assured: "What are you going to call the new baby?"

"Reginald Claude," replied Mr. Bliggins.

"Isn't 'Reginald Claude' a rather affected name?"

"Yes. I want him to grow up to be a fighter, and I fancy that 'Reginald Claude' will start something every time he goes to a new school."—*Washington Star*.

She: Did you have any trouble with your French while you were in Paris?

He: No, but the Parisians did.—*Boston Transcript*.

"He is in 'Who's Who,' I believe?"

"Yes, but he is much more prominent in 'Here's How!'"—*Houston Post*.

## WILL WEAR THE BURDEN.

Mr. Johnes: That hat cost seventy-five dollars? Great heavens! It's a sin.

Mrs. Johnes: You needn't worry. The sin will be on my head.—*Judge*.

## THE HUMAN RACE.

Binks: Say, that Miss Peaches is pretty fast, isn't she?

Kinks: Fast! Why, she just told me that she's covered five laps this evening!—*Ohio Sun-Dial*

## PERMISSION.

"I asked Miss Muss if I could see her home."

"Whad she say?"

"Come up and look it over any time."—*Columbia Jester*.

## AFTER MANY YEARS.

The self-made man stalked into the office of the great financier with whom he had an appointment.

"You probably don't remember me," he began, "but twenty years ago when I was a poor messenger-boy you gave me a message to carry."

"Yes, yes!" cried the financier. "Where's the answer?"—*Christian Register*.

Bill (reading): Here's a guy just went crazy that never used terbacker or liquor or played cards.

Hank: He didn't "went," Bill, he allers wuz!—*Kansas City Star*.

"And has this famous doctor cured your friend's hallucination that she was sick?"

"Oh, completely! She's really sick now."—*Fliegende Blätter*

# INTERROGATIONS

## AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

"Dinna forget me" was Harry Lauder's farewell message to the *Evening News* on his departure for the States. "We won't," muttered the Tivoli limelightmen as they read the touching words. \*

If it is a fact that the Premier received an Ulster coat for a Christmas present, and that somebody sent a copy of "A Peep Behind the Scenes" to the Bishop of London? \*

An Irishman remanded on the charge of travelling on a railway without a ticket, said, "I have no father, no mother, and no money, so I make a hobby of railway travelling." Which reminds us of the pickpocket's equally logical excuse: "I have no banking account, no morals, and no conscience, so I delight in the hobby of collecting watches." \*

Is the curate who experimented on the live shell with a red-hot poker now fully convinced that it really was "loaded"? \*

Why the papers expressed surprise at Lord Haldane (who is receiving £10,000 a year) for stating that no man is worth more than £5,000 a year? And if he does not know his own value? \*

Is Bob Fitzsimmons serious in his open challenge to the world's white boxers? And if his fifty-one years have not brought with them, knowledge — of dollar-making? \*

Why did the bridegroom at Belfast last week when asked "Wilt thou have this woman . . .," wilt, and hurriedly leave the church? And why was not the service carried on without him? \*

Two suffragettes charged with arson appeared in court bare-legged and bare-faced with their hair hanging down their back. Where are the bishops? \*

"Hullo, Tango!" says the Hippodrome placard in surprised and delighted accents. Quite a treat to meet an old friend again. \*

A hot-blooded Sicilian complains in a penny evening paper that the mistletoe is a fraud, and that the long-expected salute that he received under its branches was a prim and cold affair. It seems about as easy to satisfy some of these Sicilians as it is for a blind man wearing boxing gloves to thread a needle with a piece of rope. What do you say? \*

Congratulations to Mr. J. Callaghan who, we hear, is about to re-open "Premierland" as a boxing centre. \*

The President of the United States has a new mascot — a large black cat, which wandered into the breakfast room of the White House one morning, jumped on to his knee, and calmly proceeded to share his devilled kidneys. \*

The name of the sad little Gaiety actress, who has just been informed that she cannot figure in the next show because she has lost her voice? \*

The identity of the youthful admirer who has presented Lady Bethell with a floral revolver? \*

The name of the famous golf-player who had a pair of encyclopædias delivered at his flat in mistake for club turkey, and if he had them served up à la stuffing? \*

If the "Guv'nor" has yet recovered from the collar which he sustained in his office a few days ago? \*

If nowadays men's clubs are full of old women women's clubs full of young men? \*

If the youth over 7 ft. high, who complains that cannot get work because he is too tall, has tried editorial offices of certain daily papers? \*

If the bearded man who rode a high old-fashioned shaker through Whitehall on Boxing Day did so for a wager? \*

A go-ahead American can has just invented an electric skate, propelled by miniature motor. drawback, however, of having to carry an accumulator in one's back-pocket was demonstrated in New York the other day, when a skater had the misfortune to receive a violent shock when sitting down rather suddenly on the asphalt. \*

Mme. Emmy Tinn, the famous prima donna, who recently sang for a cinematograph company a cage of forest lilies, received payment for the performance at the rate of £500 per minute. Yet ill-tempered people say that lions were dragged for the occasion. \*

If Prince Erik of Denmark enjoyed his trip back to Copenhagen? If the ladies were not all so charming to him, if he was exactly pleased when, on arrival of the boat, he found an elderly gentleman in waiting ready to conduct him straight home? \*

If the crop of nearly 5,000 lbs. of tobacco, grown on a Welsh estate, will be made "light" of by those who declare that it is impossible to grow a satisfactory weed in the British Isles? \*

If mauve and green tips are the latest thing in high cigarettes? \*

Who were the witnesses at Miss Marie Lloyd's second marriage to Mr. Bernard Dillon on December 20th? \*

According to the *Cri de Paris* the latest French charm amulet is a ladybird bearing seven spots on its wings — the seven spots "reminding the wearer of the seven capital sins." Or is it only the seventh capital sin? \*

If the triplets with which the wife of a Welsh baker just presented her husband may be described as "standard bred"? \*

It usually takes a good artist in human nature to draw accurate conclusions. \*



REFLECTIONS.

How long the political cranks will succeed in holding up the Party machine?

If the Bachelors' Club, which was founded in Colorado five years ago, has just been disbanded owing to the fact that a sudden "marriage boom" has carried off all its members?

If the Prussian dentist, who had to pay £60 damages for pulling out the wrong tooth, is now looking decidedly down in the mouth?

School children in Chicago are now asked to sign a pledge, promising not to rob birds' nests or wear plumage. Soon they will be forbidden to sleep on feather beds.

If Prince Arthur of Connaught is under the impression that the ha'penny which he left with the caddy master at the club house was a shilling, and if the incident has not caused a good deal of amusement in golfing circles?

If the Bishop of Leeds, who went on with his address when the gas failed, intended to make light of the matter?

If the troop of the mounted Boy Scouts at Nottingham has been formed with a view to turning infantry into cavalry?

If "The Aeroplane Girls," now showing at one of the suburban theatres, are as flighty as their title might suggest?

"Every mince pie you eat means another happy month, you know," said the kind hostess as she pressed the guest to partake of number three. She quite forgot to mention the possibilities of some horrible moments in between.

"Tis a bitter pill to swallow," sighed the man who had no money to buy himself a New Year's eve supper, "but 'tis the glad New Year to-morrow." The man who ate the supper sighed, "Tis the sad New Year to-morrow and a bitter pill to swallow."

A correspondent in a contemporary says he has found much relief, when in extreme pain, by repeating the words "joy or peace." Most of us, in similar circumstances, use something more picturesque but less suited to publication.

Harry Lauder, on leaving for America, was escorted to the Liverpool landing stage by pipers. We wonder "Who pays the piper?"

An Indian Prince has just laid down a rubber floor in his guest palace, costing £5,000, so that his visitors may have quietude. We see the connection—whist!—and rubber.

An American lecturer states that one may tell at which



Caller: "Is your master in?"  
New Office-boy (brought up in Socialistic atmosphere): "I suppose you mean my employer?"

college an American girl has graduated by the way she bestows a kiss. The best kissers come from Smith's College.—No, young man; we're sorry, but we can't give you the address. The kiss of Vassar girls is like a blow, while the ravishing kiss of the Mount Holyoke girl is likened to a volcano. Now we know why the American young man spends most of his time at the office, battling in a frantic fight for dollars. He needs that rest after taking his best girl out to tea.

"What is the greatest curse of the present day in England, and why?" is a question asked in a picture newspaper. Just drop a half-brick on the pet corn of a carman. You'll know more about it then.

## A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.

On April 1st, 1925, the Synod of Bishops met at Glas-tonbury to consider whether the edict issued by the Government to the effect that "all female stage performers must be heavily veiled, their dresses must reach at least one inch below the ankle, and their legs must not be raised more than six inches from the stage," was not far too lax.

The Bishop of Puddleton, a man eloquent of speech, moved the conference to tears, and urged that all places of amusement should be prohibited by Act of Parliament; a resolution to this effect was forwarded to the Home Secretary.

On the following day, without waiting for the assent of the House of Commons, all cinemas, theatres, music-halls, public-houses, concert-halls and art-galleries were levelled to the ground. The Home Secretary also declared that "all works having a sex interest were immediately to be destroyed; moreover, that female and male characters must not appear in the same book or periodical, the

punishment for such an offence against decency to be a period of not less than six years' penal servitude."

At a meeting of the Cabinet on April 25th, it was decided that "the figures on the British Medical Association's building in the Strand were an outrage, and that all the statues be clad at once in suitable Jaeger garments." Also, that "the statue to Shakespeare, a man whose immoral books had done such harm to bygone generations, should be removed from Leicester Square and cast into the Thames."

The climax to this age of monotony was reached when "The Purity of London League" held an enthusiastic meeting at the Albert Hall, urging that a Mr. Oero, an artist who had dared to paint from the nude, be publicly hanged for such a violation of morality.

Early one morning the unfortunate man was dragged from the prison-cell, into which he had been cast, and pushed into a taxi-cab, which was hastily driven to Trafalgar Square, where he was burnt as a degenerate.

Mr. Bernard Shaw had met a similar fate some few days previously.

RALPH HOLBROOK-KEEN.

# TABLOID TOPICS.

If you are out of spirits buy a cask.

No, "Rednose," the spirits at Julia's bureau are not, we fear, the kind you are seeking.

The poor Bombardier was not the only man knocked out with a good punch at the end of 1913.

"This time of year is the thieves' harvest," remarked a magistrate, who had evidently studied Sykeology.

The language of Eden is said to have been Gaelic. And Adam was doubtless the first Scot to discover the finest country in the world—to live out of.

"Gas Weeks House" reads a headline in *Reynolds*. Too much gas has been the cause of many an explosion in another House of which we have heard.

"Why so many young men do not get on" is a newspaper discussion. The explanation has an important bearing on why so many young women do not get off.

Are pantomime workers sweated? asks the *Daily Sketch*. We cannot imagine a principal boy being too warm, at least not on the stage.

People do not make a comfortable living out of politics. So Mr. Lloyd George, who really means that they do make a comfortable living out of politics, but not in politics.

Even the absence of Gaby Deslys did not warrant a contemporary in printing that there was "Peril of a Church Split."

According to Mr. Lloyd George politicians are the priests of humanity. Yet many people complain that their M.P.'s refuse to take orders, although by no means averse from preferment.

Mr. Newman Maurice says (according to the *Era*) that the crow of artistes for the Brixton Theatre pantomime are second to none in London. Is it that he crows so because Dame Crusoe?

Mr. G. W. Barratt, of Barratt and Co., Ltd., the Wood Green firm of confectioners, presented 2,000 clocks to his employees. Doubtless to provide a good wind-up to a successful season.

A correspondent in the *Pall Mall Gazette* seems worried over the catchphrase, "Keep your nose straight." He asks "Where does it come from?" Might we suggest Palestine?

Charged at Clerkenwell with begging a man said that his object in town was to see if the inner circle trains really went round London. Wanted to make sure that the circle was being worked on the square evidently.

To the order of the Maharajah of Indore, a famous firm of Piccadilly jewellers have made a magnificent diamond star. Smacks of sending coal to Newcastle. But the jewels will never be seen out—at all events, while they are Indore's.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company have been stocktaking and have discovered that two locomotives that started on their journeys some six months ago, are missing. But why this anxiety? They are surely not overdue yet.

A man at Haslingden summoned for maintenance declared that he agreed that if a child was born by a certain date he would contribute 2s. 6d. a week. Within the period twins were born. His contention, therefore, was that he was only liable for the maintenance of one child. Had not put his money on a double event, in short.

The Paris *Figaro* suggests some regulations for late arrivals at theatres. One of them is that they should remain silent and return no "back answers" to people who grumble at belated appearances. The comedians could do the "gagging" business best, though.

Alas! The white hopes are black—and blue.

Carl Hagenbach's Wonder Zoo is doing a roaring trade.

Seagulls are harming the fisheries of East Anglia. A loss.

A girl died the other day at Newcastle through having swallowed a safety-pin. Evidently it wasn't.

"Are lawyers good speakers?" asks a newspaper. Any rate they are all brief.

The French are plundering English for its accent, the *Standard*. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George will oblige introducing a syn-tax.

"Ladybird charms" are the latest innovation in the craze should find favour among those actresses on getting "spots" from the wings.

Tights are not being worn at Drury Lane Pantomime season. In the opinion of some it is, in consequence, a show.

A drunken man was said to have breathed into the face of a young lady and endeavoured to kiss her. A "bitter" blow.

The *Daily Chronicle* heads a New Orleans item with "Murray on Britain and U.S." Where does the conjuncture come in? Isn't, or are not, Britain US?

Tramps at Tenterden protest against the compulsory bath. Similarly they do not like being brought before "Wash-up."

The Nizam of Hyderabad owns about 400 motor cars himself, his guests, and the ladies of his zenana. A Nizam monarch could not be found.

A suffragette has scratched on a railway carriage window, "Votes for Women. You cannot govern women without their consent." "But," asks a henpecked hopeful husband, "Will the vote make all that difference?"

"Should a pianist have short fingers?" asks the music critic of the *Evening Standard*? We answer that, in some cases, the shorter the better; no fingers at all best.

Many are bemoaning the fact that Christmas is not considered by law a reasonable and seasonable excuse for drunkenness. But they shouldn't have taken their own into court.

It is said that a newly discovered tribe in Papua were smoked hands of their enemies around their necks. The more hands they possess the more they can hold is proof of their belief.

*Daily Mail* readers have been discussing a delicate point. "Was Eve left in the garden?" We don't see that it settles a fig leaf whether or not, since the mischief has been done.

There is some probability of a revival of the staccato minuet. "Half a mo"—or rather half a minuet! It is a dance that takes more teaching than the tango. The latter and for the former go in for deportment.

A weekly periodical tells us that "a terrible drama occurred in a Polish castle" (italics our own) in Count Mathias von Brodzowo-Mielezynski shot his wife and her nephew. His name could do with a little of Polish perhaps.

Dr. Owen who, for some years, has been excavating the River Wye in the hope of finding documentary proof that the works of Shakespeare were written by Bacon, returned to America. Possibly convinced that Americans are not always capable of extracting truth from the Wyes.



THE SKI PILOT.

In after years a barefaced lie grows whiskers and becomes a tradition.

It is no sin to be thirty years old, but it is a shame to ask a girl of thirty her age.

No man can waste valuable time in an argument. If his time is valuable he doesn't argue.

A love affair is like a well—easy to fall into and difficult to get out of.

Platonic love, like perpetual motion, is all right as a theory—but it won't work.

Does it pay to be wise? A wise man worries over a lot of things a fool never thinks of.

An optimist is a man who can fool himself into the belief that he is contented.

If a man tells his troubles to his wife she sees to it that he has plenty to tell.

A man never knows what he can do until he tries—then he may be sorry he found out.

One pretty girl will inspire more feminine envy than a dozen clever ones.

## IN STAGELAND.

It was only just recently that I was at Harry Fragson's pretty little flat in Shaftesbury Avenue where, in a little room that was an inspiration in pink brocade, he had some exceedingly clever coloured statuettes of himself standing on a baby grand. These little works of art being slightly in caricature bore more of the Fragson spirit than ever Fragson himself carried, and I wanted one badly. It is peculiar that his answer to my spoken request was a phrase in fairly common use, but which invariably annoys me and jars my nerves. It was, "I will leave you one in my will." I hope nobody will ever say that to me again!

He was an artist who could evoke extraordinary enthusiasm among those who appreciated him—apparently a majority, but his appeal was, I believe, always stronger in France than in London. He himself was of that opinion, and I have been with him in the wings of a suburban hall of no particular importance when he has wrung his hands



JAY WHIDDEN,  
the American Dancing Violinist.

with apprehensive nervousness. And yet his *métier* was a sublime musical impertinence that was extremely pleasing. I had looked forward to him slightly changing his methods, so that he might have eventually become a sort of international Barclay Gammon, brilliantly and equally popular with the English and French-speaking nations. It is more than difficult to realise that while still a comparatively young man he has been murdered by a demented parent. He was about to enter upon the fulfilment of valuable contracts with the London managements.

Contrary to expectations (apart from Drury Lane's accepted and pre-assured success) the Christmas productions, numerous as they are, are faring extremely well. Easily the most attractive of them all, after "The Sleeping Beauty," is Mr. Bernhardt's "Alice in Wonderland" at the Comedy. The production is a triumph of beauty—physical, literary and scenic. In greatest measure "Alice's" success is due to Cora Giffin and Hayden Coffin. Mr. Coffin's amazing versatility is nothing less than astounding. One knew him formerly as almost exclusively a tenor actor-vocalist of fine presence and wonderfully sympathetic appeal. Here we see him strong in comedy as the Mad Hatter. The sole note of pathos in which the incomparable Alice tries to charm him into sanity is an exquisite

gem of stagecraft. I wonder if it is too much to hope the Mr. Coffin may be heard in more and stronger musical numbers. I think these could be introduced without disturbing the balance of "Through the Looking Glass," which is second of the two acts. The advance bookings are tremendously heavy.



MISS LILIAN SHELLEY  
sings "You made me love  
you" in "Step this Way".  
(Victoria Palace).

The *Daily Mirror* wonders how many of us sighed with relief when Harry Lauder left us for his world tour. Doesn't it strike you, dear reader, as a wonderful thing that units of the press who (if you asked them in some cases and without waiting to be asked in more) would allocate themselves all sorts of extravagant assumption of "Power,



GEORGE CLARKE,  
as the Dudo in  
"Step this Way."

there, two immodest, defiant figures amid a galaxy of good form. It was difficult to decide whether they suffered from a "sporty" nature or were victims of a disease which afflicted unattractive women, and which I seem, somewhere or other to have heard referred to as Women's Rights.

W. R. C. R.

The *Daily Chronicle* loves that Miss Ren Mayer is the best juvenile artiste of the period. Their raw distinctions are a indiscreet, in that they evoke discussion and the inevitable comparison that is but a few night ago that I was claiming for the "Alice" of the above paragraph some part of the enormous credit to her for achieving what was thought to be a permanent impossibility—the training of variety audiences, an enthusiastic appreciation of Shakespearean tragedy. Mary Glynne, Sir J. Barrie's ideal "Wendy" and "Lady Noggs" of the Comedy also has earned her place on the highest plane of theatrical achievement. Let us differentiate as to class by means, but it is a pity particularise as to the comparative merits of the gifts few in the highest class of all.

only say these things of the very big artistes in wee little reticent voices when the victim of their stern innuendo on the high seas and consequently out of reach of any disconcerting realisation damage done. Wait, however, for the *Daily Mirror* paean of praise when the plaid comes home to mother and the Tivoli, and hush ye! when the Laird of Muckleswank distributes largesse the orchestra approximating 6d. per nob—to be returned by cheque in one case by grateful but deprecatory instrumentalist who wallows in the luxury of an ill-gotten banking account. Funny, isn't it, that these are the things that never "get into the papers!"

On a recent evening to go from the stalls to the foyer of St. James's Theatre one had to pass, in a narrow corridor between two flamboyant males who had vacated their stalls during the entractes to smoke cigarettes. They stood

# Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 35.

## A JEALOUS KING AND HIS SWEETHEART.

Henry IV. of France and The Duchesse De Beaufort.

"There is nothing that so confirms my surmises, or serves to increase them so much, as your conduct to me. Since it pleases you to command me to ban all suspicions I will, but you will not take it ill if, in the openness of my heart, I tell you the grounds on which I suspect you. . . . It is for these reasons that yesterday I began my letter with the words, 'There are none so deaf as those who will not hear!' You are well aware that I was offended by the journey taken by my rival. Your eyes have such power over me that they saved you half my complainings. You satisfied me by the mouth, not by the heart. But had I known then what I know now (and have since learned at Saint Denis) of that journey, I should not have seen you, and I should have broken with you altogether. Yet I would sooner burn off my hand than write to you thus, or cut out my tongue than such words should be spoken.

"It lies with you to make me a different man. You do me wrong if you think that anyone in the world could serve you with a love greater than mine. Nor could mortal man be more faithful. If I have ever been unwise or indiscreet, think of the folly that is committed in the name of jealousy, and do not blame yourself. Never before has mistress given me cause for jealousy, and never have I known man more discreet than I. So much do I long to set eyes upon you that I would cut off four years of my life to see you as soon as this letter, which now I bring to an end, kissing your hand a thousand times!"

\* \* \*

### A Tragic Wedding-Day Incident.

Thus wrote the jealous King Henry IV., of France, to pretty Gabrielle d'Estrees. It was a charming romance, which so nearly threatened to come to a sudden end. Yet it failed to be disintegrated as long as the King lived, and though he may have had good cause for his jealousy at one time, his own good sense saved him from making a "hash" of his life. For Gabrielle d'Estrees, flirt though she may have been at twenty, at forty was the King's dynastic salvation, as the lovers of kings have so often proved. Gabrielle d'Estrees did not come of a family of prudes. Her mother had seven daughters, and they were known in France as the "Seven Deadly Sins!" They were of a noble family of Touraine, and long associated with the French Court. Their grandfather was the famous Jean d'Estrees, a great warrior and military inventor. His son, Antoine, the father of Gabrielle, was a drunkard, and when his wife had presented him with her seven lovely girls, and was forty-eight years old, she left Antoine d'Estrees for ever, to live the rest of her life as the mistress of the Marquis de Tourel-Alegre. Madame Antoine d'Estrees and her Marquis was assassinated on the night of her loveliest daughter's marriage, and that marriage, as might have been expected, turned out as unluckily as the portents pre-supposed. Long years after Gabrielle and King Henry of France were under the sod, the marriage of the eighteen-year-old beauty of Touraine and the Sieur de Liencourt kept the Paris lawyers busy.

\* \* \*

### Gabrielle's First Love Affair.

Reared till her seventeenth year in the old family chateau of Coeuvres, Gabrielle d'Estrees grew to wondrous beauty. Her mother's tragic death had been the result of a long-protracted vendetta between two great families, and thus romance was in Gabrielle's blood. And with her striking beauty and impressionable temperament, she was not long before she had fallen desperately in love. The object of her earliest infatuation was Bellegarde, the Equerry to King Henry, who was then fighting hard all over France for his crown and kingdom. Bellegarde was a handsome fellow, full of gallantry, and at thirty, when he first saw Gabrielle, he had become one of the greatest heroes of Henry's wars. For two momentous days he found himself lodged in the Castle of Coeuvres, and when he rode away he left a maid sorrowing for his loss as if she had known and loved him from infancy.

### The Warrior King gets Badly "Smitten."

Bellegarde was equally "smitten," and when he arrived back at the camp of Mantes, the King could not fail to note Bellegarde's absorption. On being questioned by His Majesty, Bellegarde told his little love-story, and King Henry, himself no slacker in the lists of love, at once set out for the Coeuvres to have a look at the "cause of the trouble!" And Henry's quest sent him home "absorbed," too! King Henry IV. was twenty-one years older than Gabrielle, but for the first time in his life he was seriously in love. Henry had had a terrible life for years, fighting for his crown. Though King of France, he could not for four years gain admittance to Paris, and at forty years old he was a grey, grizzled warrior, and so hard-up that he had not a second shirt to his back. When Gabrielle first saw him, he in no way succeeded in tampering with her infatuation for her smart and hilarious Bellegarde; and Henry returned to Mantes with his ardour for the maid of Coeuvres piqued and goaded by her coldness. Though fighting all day, and writing letters to his brother monarchs in Europe by night, Henry always found time for love-making, and so impetuous was he over Gabrielle d'Estrees that he sent for her to Mantes, and there and then told her that he desired her, and would not be gainsaid.

\* \* \*

### A King's Adventure for Love.

King Henry was a married man, but, like most of the French kings, his marriage was "a Royal affaire," with no pretence to "love" in it. Gabrielle was furious at King Henry's suggestion, and told him that the only man she could ever love was Bellegarde. And there and then she mounted her horse, and, with flushed cheeks and the fire of indignation in her glorious eyes, rode away to her home at Coeuvres! But King Henry could think of nothing but the woman who thus defied him. Bellegarde loyally gave up his claim to Gabrielle d'Estrees in favour of the King, and His Majesty, determined to woo and win her fairly, set out one night with a bundle of sticks upon his back, to pass, disguised, through the enemy's lines, and seek an unexpected interview with the lass who had thus woven the toils of her sweet maidenhood round his heart.

\* \* \*

### Gabrielle's Heart Melts Towards the Love-Sick Monarch.

When, after many dangers, the "peasant" King found Gabrielle d'Estrees, and secured recognition of himself beneath his rags, she exclaimed: "Oh dear, what a fright you look!" And, running blithely from the presence of the disguised monarch, she absolutely refused to see him again, and King Henry, choking with mortification, returned to Mantes. But what Henry could not accomplish in person might be secured by pen and ink. Rapturous letters soon daily arrived at Coeuvres. In the quietness of the old Chateau, Gabrielle d'Estrees's heart began to tingle with the love which is born of heroic self-sacrifice, and the spirit that will not brook a "No!" It was at the Royalist camp at Chartres that King Henry again encountered Gabrielle. By now they were good friends; very soon the King's ardour had melted the heart of the Maid of Coeuvres, and, as Bellegarde was in another part of the country, Henry and Gabrielle were not long before they had sworn "never to part." And the vow was kept. Many hard things have been said of Gabrielle d'Estrees by historians, but her love for King Henry was the making of him. Henry's sister, Catherine of France, always loved her, and as Catherine was a high-minded woman, and a pious Protestant, it is certain that if half the unkind things said of Gabrielle were true, that love could never have existed.

\* \* \*

### "My Love, I Die of Fear!"

Of the hundreds of letters written from the field of battle by King Henry IV. to Gabrielle d'Estrees, only twenty-eight remain. They show that Henry was a very jealous lover. He never forgot Gabrielle's early infatuation for Bellegarde, and always dreaded their meeting.

Hence the letter that figures at the opening of this story. Soon Gabrielle could not rest away from her King, and in the midst of the strife of war she mothered him like a child. A true heroine was Gabrielle d'Estrees. When, separated from him temporarily, he fell ill at Saint Denis, she wrote: "My love, I die of fear! Tell me, I implore you, how fares the bravest of the brave. Give me news, my cavalier, for you know how fatal to me is your least ill. I cannot sleep without sending you a thousand 'good nights,' for I am the Princess Constance, sensible to all that concerns you, and careless of all else in the world!" \* \* \*

#### All France Laughs over Gabrielle's Divorce Proceedings.

For twenty long years King Henry fought for his crown, during which time Gabrielle was ever at his side, to succour him in his distress, and rejoice with him in victory. And when the long-drawn-out struggle was over, and Henry rode across the Bridge of Notre Dame into Paris, to the accompaniment of the acclamations of the multitude, Madame de Liencourt rode not far off, and listened to the huzzas of the Parisians with ecstasy in her soul. For now her one great dream was to be realised. With the "Peace," her ambition to be Henry's wife was to be realised. A petition to the Pope to annul her marriage with the Sieur de Liencourt was quickly made out, the reasons alleged being that she had been forced into the match against her will, and that her husband was "impotent." Soon all France was laughing over the great legal fight which followed, for Gabrielle's husband appeared in Court, and swore that so far from being impotent he had had fourteen children by a former wife; and was still "in hopes" of being a father again! \* \* \*

#### Why King Henry Became King of France.

The Pope, however, granted Gabrielle's petition, and the King instituted divorce proceedings against his wife, Queen Margaret. All the world seemed at the feet of the Duchesse de Beaufort, as Gabrielle had now become. Though Paris groaned beneath its burden of poverty and crime, in the Palace of Fontainebleau the days for the King and his faithful and devoted mistress were idylls. Romping with their children in the gardens, they were oblivious to all save their love, and the wonderful dynastic triumph half-a-life of struggle and anguish. So long as Henry had remained a Protestant, he fought and bled in the wars in vain. It was not till Gabrielle had made him turn Catholic, so that she could appeal to the Pope for freedom from her ugly husband, de Liencourt, that King Henry, in the Church of Saint Denis, finally abjured the Protestant faith. Gabrielle d'Estrees watched the imposing ceremony with eyes streaming tears of delight from a secret corner of the sacred edifice. \* \* \*

#### A Minister Brings Trouble to Fontainebleau.

Thus all seemed to have come right. King Henry, in a sense, owed his crown to Gabrielle. Now he would reward her for her devotion. Nothing that he could do for her could ever requite her for the long years of tender love which she had offered him. True, she had given him many moments of heart-burning and jealousy. But that was only because he loved her too well. And then there was Sully. Sully stood for statecraft in Henry's interest in France. Henry, therefore, could not do without Sully. And Gabrielle's jealousy of Sully was intense. At last the secret hatred of Gabrielle and Sully took definite shape. Sully refused to acquiesce in the cost of the baptism of Gabrielle's son, Alexander. Gabrielle, furious with indignation, cast herself upon the King. Henry replied: "I have loved you because I thought you sweet and tender, but now that I have raised you to high rank, I find you exacting and domineering. Know this, I could better spare a dozen mistresses than one minister so devoted to me as M. Sully!" \* \* \*

#### The Tragedy of Gabrielle D'Estrees' Wedding Eve.

The angry King, mollified by his own harsh words, attempted to rush from the room, but Gabrielle d'Estrees threw herself at his feet, exclaiming: "Had I but a dagger I would plunge it into my heart, there to show you my image engraven!" But when Gabrielle and the King gave themselves over to the joyful preparations for their wedding at Fontainebleau, the little rifts in their love-lute were forgotten. All the world seemed to be rejoicing with the "happy pair." It mattered not that a Piedmontese witch had told her that the marriage would never take place. The foreign ambassadors were arriving; the nuptial robes were being tried on; the altar was being suitably dressed; and the new Queen's rooms at Fontainebleau were completed—when, to the horror of the King, his chosen bride died in giving birth to his child! Thus tragically ended the career of one of France's noblest daughters.

## CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

- H. K. (Horton).—When the bank is beaten, the person who holds the highest card takes it over. It's a rotten game, anyhow.
- C. W. (Horton).—Miss Susan Bonmore plays principal girl to Miss Mayne.
- A. D. (Redhill).—Your idea won't hold water. It's too paid.
- John V. (Liverpool).—Glad you have discovered that "Pun-Pun" is "Express." Your powers of discernment are well trained.
- Johnboy (Brixton).—Yes, you are.
- C. J. (Brighton).—After reading your verses we spent the day basting the office cat.
- F. B. T. (West Philadelphia).—Tickets for the Calcutta Sweep, which you probably mean, cannot be obtained by the outside public. It is necessary to get them through a friend who has some connection with the Club, or has friends at Court. There are several sweeps on Derby and the St. Leger promoted by English game residents in Switzerland. You might write "John Bull" on the subject. We also have a French Government lottery.
- (Rosslare Hbr., Co. Wexford).—You omitted to enclose name address with your letter and stamp.
- F. O. C. (Linn) and others.—Thanks for Christmas cards and letters of good wishes. We can only hope to be with you a happy New Year and the promise of some good things in "Modern Life" during the year.
- A. J. (Grimsby).—See Editorial Note elsewhere re drawings for sale.
- Charlie V. (Battersea).—You will find Patent Agents' advertisements in the daily papers, but be careful you choose a good firm.
- R. T. (Glasgow).—Much obliged, but "Modern Life" wants original matter, not reprints.
- Modern Lifer (Windsor).—(1) Dunno; (2) Ditto.
- J. G. (Birmingham).—Too late. We had a par about it three days ago.

## THE MAGNETIC GIRL

How She Compels Others to Obey Her Will.

100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book describing peculiar Psychic Powers to be distributed Free to readers of "Modern Life."

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetic Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, can now be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive, unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favourite, whose portrait appears above, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health, and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the mental status of the human race.



The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions, showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. (stamp) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept. 89F, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London S.E., England. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention MODERN LIFE.

# MODERN SPORT

## FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

A Happy New Year to all sportsmen, and particularly us. In far-away South Africa England is showing that there is still one game at which she can absolutely hold her own, and keep on top. The second Test match of the tour has been won by England by an innings and 12 runs, and the triangular contraption won by England which contains the ashes is still with us.

### BARNES'S GREAT BOWLING.

Barnes, whom such a good judge as A. C. MacLaren told me over ten years ago was the best bowler in England, has again done the great damage, and his score of 17 wickets for 159 runs in the match is a fresh record. The previous bests were 15 wickets taken by Rhodes at Melbourne in 1904, and G. Blythe at Leeds in 1907. As a matter of fact it equals the record for county cricket.

Barnes's variation of pace and spin, the cabled accounts tell us, were wonderful, his length was splendid, and every ball practically on Tuesday had to be played on its merits. Barnes's bowling is real bowling, it is not that dishonest thing, the googlie, which always does what it ought not to do. Barnes throws you the off break, or the leg break, and you have to play it at that, and then you're wrong as often as not.

### RHODES, THE RECORD TEST PLAYER.

But if Barnes actually won the match, Rhodes and Mead were wonderfully good assistants, and Relf, who made 63, and the others who got out quickly, all did their bit for England. Rhodes has set up a record which will take some beating. He had already scored over one thousand runs, and had taken

50 wickets in Test matches, when the last game was entered upon. Douglas gave Rhodes his chance of getting that hundredth wicket, and by getting the top scorer, G. Hartigan, caught at the wicket. Rhodes just managed to do it. When one comes to remember the fact that Rhodes was an England bowler, who went in about last, long before he was seriously considered as a batsman, the record is wonderful, seeing that he should have been struggling for that hundredth wicket, and not for the thousandth run.

### LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

Christmas and New Year time is a festive period with a plethora of minor sport, and nothing much great, if League football be excepted, and seeing that some of the clubs played four matches in five days, League football at Christmas time becomes a drudgery rather than a sport. The game was very popular with the crowds and the fine weather helped to swell the coffers of some of the clubs to a following.

Blackburn Rovers maintained their lead in the First League, and Sunderland or Manchester United, to deprive them of it now, will have to improve. Blackburn are very steady, and although Bob Crompton and perhaps Simpson and Shea will be wanted for the internationals, the club have now a very fine reserve force. A Happy New Year to Bob Crompton, and a hope that he keeps out of the wars until the Scottish international is over, and so breaks the record for the number of times a player has taken part in the England-Scotland match. Bob and Robbie Walker, the evergreen Scottish forward, at present tie, but Walker is not likely to play this year. Walker was an eleventh-hour choice last year, and nasty-minded people said that he was only put into the field at Stamford Bridge to keep

Crompton from getting the record. All sorts of more or less amusing dialogues have been written of conversations between the two Bobs when Crompton arrived at Chelsea and found Walker was playing.

Woolwich Arsenal, Hull and Notts County now lead in the fight for promotion, and Bradford, having faltered during the holidays, have fallen away. It will be a big fight before the season ends. What gates they will get at Highbury if the Arsenal do go up, and what will they call the club when it becomes a First League side again? They tell me the F.A. bar London F.C. as a title. What's the matter with Finsbury Park, or even better Islington? The last place is famous in song and story, and we might have the "Bailiff's daughter" from the band whilst waiting for the play as the club's mascot tune.

### SWINDON FEELING COMFORTABLE.

Swindon got it in the neck at Bristol and were beaten by 5 to 2, but they retaliated in the return match and won by 3 to 0, and as they whacked West Ham terribly on the Saturday, they secured four points out of six, a good record for the holidays, which leaves them very comfortably on top of the Southern League table with no worry about dropping points through the cup-ties of the next few weeks. What a match it will be when they line up against Manchester United at Swindon in ten days' time.

Really, just at this time, with one's head full of League points and positions, and no time to follow the actual play as more or less accurately described in the press, football is a bore, and I will leave it until next week, when I can go into the prospects of cup-ties.

### IS OUIMET AN AMATEUR?

I see some of our amateurs, headed by Mr. Hutchinson, have protested against Francis Ouimet, the young American, who won the States Open Golf Championship against Vardon, Ray and Reim, among others, being allowed to compete in the English Amateur Championship, on the ground that he has carried clubs for hire.

Ouimet says that the statement that because he once carried clubs for hire he is not eligible for an amateur championship, does not concern him in the least. He carried clubs when he was 15, but since then he has done nothing which could possibly prevent him from taking part in an amateur event.

The definition of an amateur in golf played under the rules of the Royal and Ancient Club is as follows:—

An amateur is one who, after attaining the age of 16 years, has (a) never carried clubs for hire; (b) never received any consideration, directly or indirectly, for playing or for teaching the game; (c) never played for a money prize in any competition . . .

Other famous American players who are well known on this side of the Herring Pond, who are going to try for the Amateur event, include Jerome Travers, Fred Herreshoff, and Heinrich Schmidt.

### INMAN v. REECE.

Outside his profession Melbourne Inman is a most entertaining fellow. He is always ready with a yarn or a story for any press-man who wants to see him, and if he is not at work he is always at somebody's party, or he entertains himself in really lavish style. And he is the sport of the whole crowd of players, especially when it is a case of rivalry with his old friend and enemy, Tom Reece. It is said that the two are boon companions during the summer, and their wives walk about arms round waists,



EWART OF  
BRADFORD CITY  
WHO HAS NO LESS  
GOALS SCORED AGAINST  
HIM THAN ANY OTHER GOAL-  
KEEPER IN THE FIRST DIVISION.

but as soon as Inman has gained his first victory of the season over Reece there is a coolness between the families until the campaign is over. But that's only idle gossip.

#### BARRING THE RED BALL GAME.

Inman was not sure that he would defend his championship this year, and the reason is that he did not want to take part in an 18,000 up match with George Gray playing his tedious red ball game. Inman is rather cock-a-hoop when he says he fears nobody but Gray with Stevenson in the lists against him, but he means it. The champion says that Gray's best stroke would be barred if he won the championship by it, and he suggests an alteration. He would enact that when a man had scored 99 off the red ball the red ball should be placed on the billiard spot, the player playing from baulk whether his opponent's ball was on the table or not. What have the admirers of Gray to say to that?

#### THE BOXING BOOM.

The boxing boom is setting in with even greater severity, and Britain has had another nasty set back by the defeat of Bill Beynon of Wales, by Charles Ledoux of Paris, at Cardiff. It was a terrific fight and Beynon was only beaten because an old cut over his eye was opened, and he was so blinded by blood that his seconds threw up the sponge; when he was probably a bit ahead on points. It is the old story of trying to get rich too quickly. Beynon sustained a nasty wound over the left eye in his match with Johnny Hughes, and it wanted a twelve-months' cessation from boxing to heal it.

Bandsman Blake did not get his try-out with Nichol Simpson at Liverpool on Boxing Day, as the Newcastle man was taken with a stomach ache in the afternoon and a substitute had to be found quickly. Tom Clifford, whom the

Bandsman had already beaten; was put into the ring against him, and the fight was stopped after ten rounds of light boxing. Blake and the Dixie Kid will have met at the Ring before these lines appear, and if Blake has won he has done a good performance, for the nigger has never trained harder for a match.

#### ON THE ICE.

The winter sports in Switzerland are now in full swing, and Cambridge has recorded another victory over Oxford at ice hockey. Prince's is almost deserted by its patrician habitues, who are

ski-ing, skating, tobogganing, or bob-sleighting at Murren, Chamonix, and such resorts in glorious weather. And we look at the moment of writing like getting some skating and ski-ing in England.

#### THE CHIEF AMANG YE.

"I see they've invented another automatic machine that takes the place of a man," remarked Miss Pepper. "But they'll never invent a machine that could take the place of a woman."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Knox, "there's the phonograph."

\* \* \*

Barber: You're getting frightfully bald, sir.

Customer (savagely): Well, I don't see how that concerns you.

Barber: Excuse me, sir, but it does. You won't have any hair left to cut soon, and then I shall lose a customer.

\* \* \*

#### RESPECT FOR THE COURT.

Policeman: "Come along, now, quietly, or it will be the worse for you."

O'Toole: "Oi'll not! The beak told me last time niver to be brought before him agin, an', begorra, I'm going to obey his instructions."

## NEW YEAR YEARNINGS.

(With Editorial Comments).

Following the usual custom of the halfpenny dailies, are printing some of the New Year Greetings that have been forwarded to us from grateful readers, in which they have expressed their resolutions for the New Year. Not to be outdone in courtesy we have in turn sent a valuable appropriate present to each one of these considerate readers of our humble journal.

#### MISS GABY DESLYS cables:—

A one, two, three times happy New Year. When I come to London next year, where you Engleeshmen embrace me so warmly, I will make the act astonishing, and will give you Londoners something you before have nevaire seen. [Thanks, Gaby, we hope to see a lot more of you soon, and in token of remembrance are sending you a pair of nutcrackers.—Ed.]

\* \* \*

#### The BISHOPS have signed a New Year resolution:—

Next year we return to the good work with redoubt energy. Our eye will be keener and clearer than ever, our scent sharper, our hand firmer, and nothing shall escape us. Although we shudder to the depths of our soul to see so, yet we shall visit every "revue," every pantomime, every indecent exhibition, using the same keen and clear eye aforementioned, until the good work is completed.

[A very good resolution, providing you don't open a music-hall of your own. We tender a small gift in the shape of a beautifully framed illuminated motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and a dozen telescopes.—Ed.]

\* \* \*

#### MRS. PANKHURST'S reply to our delicately-worded note was snappy. It runs:—

Have no New Year Greetings for England or anything English. Am leaving Paris in search of votes.

[We thought it was pearls one brought from Paris, but votes. Still we send you as a memento three blind mice and a toothpick.—Ed.]

\* \* \*

#### MR. LLOYD GEORGE cheerfully writes:—

The compliments of the season. Sincerely hope that everyone has a prosperous New Year, because I'm rather behind in my accounts. Still got my hand on the plough tearing up the earth, you know.

[Good. But hope that you don't come anywhere near Farringdon House with that plough. Still, to show you that bygones are bygones, we have sent the office-boy round to you with a brace of—elephants.—Ed.]

\* \* \*

#### This is SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S message:—

Don't know where I'll be next year, possibly hanging somewhere around the South Pole. We'll have a good shot, anyway, to work through that new route. Wish you and all your readers, perhaps for the last time, a Happy New Year.

[We don't know where you will be next year, but wherever you may be our hearts and good wishes will be with you. We send you on behalf of all our readers a strong and hearty British hand-grip.—Ed.]

\* \* \*

#### We have received a chirrupy little letter from HALL CAINE, the famous novelist:—

I am sure that next year will be a happy one for educated Englishmen and Englishwomen, because my new novel is to be published shortly. It is the best thing that I have written, which is saying a great deal, and the knobs on my forehead are more numerous and more highly polished than ever. By the way, did you read my last novel, the best up to now, entitled, "The Woman that Shavest Men" or "The Lady Barber"?

[We assure Mr. Hall Caine that we have not yet read his last greatest work, and that this treat still lies before us (for ever, perhaps). We send him on a brick—postage paid at the other end.—Ed.]

\* \* \*

#### BOMBARDIER WELLS drops us a card:—

A Happy New Year to all. There were too many starry nights last year to suit me. Have still got the stars, however, but would like to meet the workmanlike Cartier again.

[Never mind those starry nights. Wrap a piece of flannel round your stomach, consult a hypnotist, keep a tight hold on that fresh ladder you are starting to climb, and we may see you at the top yet. We hope you will like the gifts we are sending you, namely, the song "Let me like a Soldier Fall," and book on "Pyrotechnics."—Ed.]

MARIE LLOYD cables a plaintive message:—

I do wish I were in England to see the New Year in. It is so miserable here. They nearly made me marry Bernard under the new Wisconsin Eugenic Law, which states that "the aspirants to wedlock must undergo an investigation of a particle extracted from the spinal column," and you know poor Bernard has hardly any backbone left.

[Cheer up—we'll soon see you back again. Hope you will accept the offerings of stair-ropes and lotus blossoms.—Ed.]

\* \* \*  
The next happy greeting comes from Mr. RUDYARD KIPPLING:—

A Pukka New Year to all. Good Hunting comes yet, my brother, you may think that the mighty B.P. has neglected me of late, but you just wait until I have passed into the shadows, and then read the obituary notices. [We offer Mr. Kipling no written message, but send him a garland of forget-me-nots.—Ed.]

## THE LAST OF THE OLD YEAR.

It was bitterly cold. Everyone who had ventured away from the family hearth or bar-room fire to-night was anxiously defended against it. Even the sounds of the horses' hoofs, as they pounded along the snowy roads, were muffled, while the number of the postman's wraps was astonishing.

The Old Year was not one of those who had defied the weather to-night—so far. It was not yet time for him to go out. When that hour arrived he would depart, punctually to the moment, but until then not the greatest Prince in Christendom could move him one inch.

He was very old this Year, very old and very bad. Such great things had been expected of him, too. As he sat there he recalled to mind the day he had started life, full of bright promise and resolutions for the future, in spite of coming events that cast their gloomy shadows on his optimism. Then came the lazy procrastination, the gradual sinking down into the apathetic state of his predecessor. Now the Past, with its grim ghosts of unfulfilled promises and broken resolutions, rose before him, and in sheer bitterness of heart he cried:—

"Alas! I am as full of unredeemed pledges as any pawnbroker's shop. There will be no one sorry when I am gone!"

"Steady, old chap!" exclaimed an Almanac, close by. "Considering that when you depart I shall be thrown out for work, you can guess that yours truly will be put out, for one."

"My friend," said the Old Year, sadly, "My hours are numbered."

"So are my days," said the Almanac, cheerily. "Always were."

"I have mispent my time," murmured the Old Year.

"I don't know," replied the Calendar, "You have done me a bit of good, at least, during your stay."

"And that?"

"Why, you've fulfilled some of my predictions. For instance, on no less than three separate occasions you made your weather correspond with mine in quite a friendly manner. Then again, see what I say here"—the Almanac

will rustle its pages over—"At about this time an event will happen, seriously affecting trade."

"Well?"

"Why, just then," replied the Almanac, triumphantly,

you brought a big strike along. So don't say your life has been altogether in vain."

"As to the weather," said the Old Year, despondently,

grumble what sort I brought, someone was sure to or too dry, for a certain section of mankind."

"Never mind," consoled the Almanac, "so long as you gave them something to talk about. Where would some conversationalists be if it wasn't for the Weather? If ever I meet the latter I shall know him at once by his red ears."

"It's true," went on the Old Year, brightening somewhat, "I supplied a good tennis season."

"As to that," growled the Almanac, "the less said about it the better. Turn to page 3 and you will find that you thereby gave me the lie."

"What of that?" replied the Old Year, "I but assisted you to keep up your family reputation. Ah! it isn't what I have done so much as what I haven't done that distresses me. But there, what's the use of dwelling on these matters now? The moment of my dissolution is at hand. Another few minutes and iron tongues will welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. I shall be labelled Past and—save for the man who swears a big D when he unintentionally writes my name instead of my successor's—forgotten."

"I don't know," commented the Almanac, thoughtfully, "I'll be hanged—or would it be more correct for me to say 'hung'—if some folk will forget you. What about the railway smashes, the mine disasters and the catastrophes to air and sea ships? And how about the fresh starters in the human race—the babies you have presented the world with?"

"I can't say about the males," sighed the Old Year, "but the ladies certainly have a knack of forgetting the year they were born in. And after all, what have I done during the 365 days of my career for that big lump of humanity, the familiarity of whose everlasting proximity seems to have bred a contempt in the minds of the remainder; the Poor? The Poor who wait patiently while each one of my generation comes and goes with its fair promises of the Good Year that is to come—for them. The Poor, who at each wonderful new invention, each law, each reform that I herald with such a prodigious blare of gaudily-bedizened trumpets, ask the old, old question, What is all this going to do for us? And the answer and the Good Year are yet to come."

"He is here if I'm not mistaken," put in the Almanac. "For you're all good when you make a start, you know. Didn't you hear his knock at the door?"

"His knock, eh! I always thought that bell-ringing was more in his line. But what is he like?" went on the Old Year, with feeble interest. "Does he resemble me at all, I wonder, when I was a young fellow? Ah! how bright I was in those days—"

"So is he," said the Almanac. "As bright as a new penny. And the polish about as lasting as that article's, I expect. Yes, my friend, he's very like you in your salad days, unless my memory serves me wrong. Same old pie-crust promises, same old made-in-Germany resolutions, same old paving-stones to smooth the road to a certain Place, same old—"

"Jokes?" said the Old Year, with a groan. "Habet!" And he left off breathing.

A. HUNTER.

TRY YOUR SKILL IN OUR NEW

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A WEEK FOR LIFE  
COMPETITION.

£4 a week for life is what we are offering in connection with our Sixth Football Competition. On the back page of this issue is one of our sixth football competition coupons containing a list of twenty matches to be played on Saturday, Feb. 7th, 1914. One of these correctly filled in will carry off our "£4 a week for life" prize. In addition, we offer 10s. a week for twelve months to the nearest correct, and 5s. a week for twelve months to the nearest correct whose name and address appear on the coupon which is successful in securing our first prize. The coupon will also appear in our issues dated Jan. 17th, 24th, 31st, and Feb. 7th.

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

CLOSING DATE:—

(First Post) FRIDAY, FEB. 6th.

Further particulars on back page.

# STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

I wish all my readers a very prosperous New Year, and heartily congratulate those who made money in the past year.

Much better times are looked for on the Stock Exchange this year, and as the year starts with prices very low everywhere, we are likely to see appreciable improvements in many markets.

Home Rails is the very best market for investment and good speculation. Here the speculator always has an opportunity of dealing in a stock that is of intrinsic value. When prices are against him he has the satisfaction of knowing that quotations will right themselves, so long as he can hang on for more favourable times.

I do not wish to start preaching at the beginning of a New Year, but if my speculative readers will take heed of the warning, never to get out of their depths, they are certain to make money in 1914, of course, always providing they deal in genuine stocks or shares.

Never bite off more than you can chew, but always be prepared to take up and pay for the stock you are dealing in, then if the market is against you, you can hold for the turn in the tide and sell at a profit.

Readers who wish to deal in sound investments can always absolutely rely upon the stocks I quote at the end of my notes each week.

The Bears had their innings last year; I think it is the turn of the Bulls this year.

It is really too early on to speak definitely about any markets. All are waiting for a lead.

Americans finished the Old Year well, but Rails, Industrials, Oils, Rubber, Rhodesians and Kaffirs, and not forgetting the tin group, are marking time, but hoping that each of them will be the boom market of the year.

Personally, I favour Oils and Home Rails, with one or two good specialities in the Industrial section.

Mexico has experienced very troublous times during the last few months, but we all hope to see this country overcome its rebellious condition in the next few months, and when the turn comes you will see some rapid rises in Mexican stock which, at the present time, are marked down very low.

I am very much in favour of the Mexican Perm. Canz Railway Stock as a good speculation; present quotations are very low, and a rise of ten points is easily possible in the Second Pref. or Ordinary Stock.

One of the features of the past year has been the big rises that have occurred in the last few months in motor and cycle shares, and these shares are still actively advancing.

The most prominent among these are Singers, Humber, Rover, Royal Enfield, and Sunbeams.

In view of the popularity of the motor-cycle, and the run-about cars that are being manufactured by these firms, a purchase of shares in any of the above companies should prove highly satisfactory.

I give below a selection of gilt-edged securities:—

|                                               | Price | Yield             |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------|-------------------|
|                                               | £     | s. d.             |
| India 3 per cent. Stock.....                  | 72½   | £4 3 0 per cent.  |
| Great Eastern Railway Rent Charge Stock ..... | 97½   | £4 3 3 per cent.  |
| New Zealand 4 per cent.....                   | 97½   | £4 3 10 per cent. |
| Canada 4 per cent Loan.....                   | 96½   | £4 4 2 per cent.  |

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a Member of the London Stock Exchange to any reader wishing to buy or sell shares.

## BRIEF REPLIES.

*F. H., Felirstowe*—I think you can look for much better times in the New Year.

*S. R., Sydenham*—Do not sell your shares, as we are likely to see an early improvement in this market, which should enable you to cut your loss.

*F. James, Huddersfield*—They are hoping for better times in the market, but I would advise you to turn to speculative attention to Oils for preference.

*J. R., Northumberland*—Thanks for the papers received. I will investigate fully and write you next week.

*A. D.*—I look for a big improvement in the Railway Stocks you hold. Prices are undoubtedly at the lowest and better prices are looked for.

*Anxious*—The firm you mention is a bucket-shop concern, and I advise you to have nothing whatever to do with them. You do not say if you have already had dealings with them, but if so, rather cut your loss than more.

The Financial Editor will be pleased to answer any enquiry by post on receipt of P.O. for Sixpence, or by wire, One Shilling.

A young gentleman of the coloured persuasion promised his girl a pair of white gloves for a Christmas gift. Entering a large department store, he at last found the counter where these goods were displayed, and, approaching rather hesitatingly, remarked, "Ah want a pair ob gloves."

"How long do you want them?" inquired the business-like clerk.

"Ah doesn't want fo' to rent 'em; Ah wants fo' to buy 'em," replied the other, indignantly.

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The letters from students printed on this page furnish conclusive proof that my system can do what I claim for it. I have never met any of these pupils personally, and have given them just the same attention as I give to all my other students. Their full names and addresses will be sent to all inquirers.

My system does not consist of merely straightening you up, but produces real growth.



HOPE !

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your System I have added approximately three inches to my height."

Miss B. L. (Marshall Hill) writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all-round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have and I have never really felt stiffer in my life."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9 inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2 1/4 inches, which I think is very good."

W. B. (Kenley) writes: "When I commenced your course my height was 5 feet 2 inches. I am glad to be able to say that it is now 5 feet 4 1/2 inches. This is all actual increase, as I was very upright before I started your course. As regards general fitness, I must say it has increased marvellously."

E. J. M. (Cwmwrach) writes: "I am very pleased with the results. I do not think it was a case of straightening me up, because I do not think anyone could be more erect than I am. I was once taken for a deserter from the Army two years before I enlisted, so you can judge from that."

J. M. A. (Belfast) writes: "My health never was better, and I have obtained a splendid all-round development. Even the people that come in and out of the shop say I am getting bigger and looking healthier every day, so I think that is something to be proud of, for before I took up your system it was quite the reverse."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2 1/2 inches."



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# RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Most racing men are now looking forward to the publication of the Spring Handicaps, which will make their appearance in a few days. Not that the entries for such early races as the Lincolnshire provoke much ante-post speculation these days, but they do give food for much thought during slack times. There has been much discussion of late about likely candidates for the Carholme race, but personally I think it best to wait for the Calendar, so as to avoid disappointment.

Even though a likely horse for this particular distance may be entered, it does not signify that it will eventually compete, as weight, fitness, and a hundred and one other things that may happen before the day, have to be considered. Anyone accepting fabulous odds about a horse winning a Spring handicap must know something out of the ordinary, or have a mania for long odds gambling. Still, the bookmakers could tell you who generally burn their fingers over such wagers.

Was Vernon Casebourne, the North-Country jockey, the victim of a cruel piece of ill-fortune in being warned off after the Kempton Park disqualification of Mandonius? It is common knowledge that there are many horses in training to-day which would get any rider into trouble, and most people think that Mandonius is one of this dangerous kind. Mandonius has performed very ungenerously under different ownerships, and this fact is naturally somewhat significant.

Foul riding is not tolerated by the National Hunt Committee, or by any other body, nor does any one desire to defend unfair tactics, but in the case of Casebourne there are many who sympathise with him. Mandonius certainly stamped himself as a rogue at Cheltenham the other day, when he could have won comfortably but for cutting it.

There have been few more disappointing horses than Rathnally during the past few winters. Only two seasons ago, he was so well thought of as to start joint favourite with Jerry M. for the Grand National, but he has never

done anything since to justify such support. Rathnally is now the property of Mr. Percy Wyndham, and as owner and horse have already become acquainted in a race—the Sunbury Steeplechase at Kempton Park, in which they finished third, beaten by Cooldreen and Lamentable—it is not unlikely that a Grand Military Gold Cup will fall to the lot of Mr. Wyndham this year. That great judge of a horse, Coulthwaite, thought a lot of Rathnally, and in the hands of Frank Hartigan, at Weyhill, it may be taken for granted that the best will be got out of him.

Romeo, who recently won a hurdle race at Newbury, is the best-bred performer of the day over the sticks. A son of Flying Fox—Glare, he has pedigree good enough to win anything. On the flat he was an ideal weight-carrier, and many were the times, with Frank Wootton riding, he did backers a rare good turn. His jockey at Newbury last week was George Duller, who rides over hurdles with a very pronounced American crouch, and who is one of the few horsemen to utilise these methods under National Hunt rules.

Yet another curtailed week's racing is submitted for decision this week, Thursday being without a fixture. Wye occupies Monday, Gatwick Tuesday and Wednesday, and Haydock Park Friday and Saturday.

At Wye, the Dover Steeplechase may fall to Flaxfield, the Maiden Hurdle to Southover, and the Canterbury Steeplechase to Darraidon.

The Purley Steeplechase at Gatwick, on Tuesday, should be won by Adelante, the Reigate Hurdle by Captain Dreyfus, and the Crawley Handicap Steeplechase by Periwinkle. On the second day Florizel's Pride may secure the Moderate Hurdle.

At Haydock Park, on Friday, Lilaline, of whom I hear very favourable reports from Newmarket, may win the Warrington Handicap Hurdle, Lara the Makerfield Handicap Steeplechase, and Nightcap the Ashton Maiden Hurdle. Hannibal should score in the January Handicap Steeplechase on the concluding day, Repp the St. Helen's Selling Steeplechase, and Claret Lad the Station Selling Hurdle.

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# THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Oh dear! Oh dear! the *Sunday Times* is very discouraging on the question of spats. Their fashion censor writes: "I believe many men wear spats not because they care about them particularly, but because spats can be used to cover up the untidiness of a bad pair of boots."

I think this is rather a slur upon the top-hatted, eye-glassed dapperism who most often affects spats, but it is a curious question that has not two sides to it, and the next man I see wearing spats I shall consider the question whether his name is Beau Brummel, Esq., or only plain Mr. Boots-busted.

Talking of bad boots, let me tell you what has happened to Fleet Street, and remember that Fleet Street does not only mean one of the London thoroughfares—it means us, and the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Sporting Times*, and the "Cheshire Cheese," with its beefsteak, lark and kidney pudding, and the *Christian World*, and the Temple, and all the rest of it—in fact, Fleet Street is a classic, not a street.

Now I find opened right in the best part of Fleet Street a "Boots soled and heeled while you wait" shop.

I presume this is a case of demand creating supply, but it is appalling to think of the editors, leader writers, special commissioners, etc., of our great organs of public opinion dropping into No. 0 Fleet Street to have their boots repaired while they wait, balancing on right leg à la stork while the left boot heel is being deftly and expeditiously adjusted to its normal square, and vice versa with the other pedal protection.

An Oxford man who tells me he is a Rhodes scholar, lately arrived in England from the Antipodes, writes for some pointers on the use and wear of evening dress.

In reply to his enquiries I have to say that with full evening dress coat it is good form not to show watch chain, while with dinner jacket this may be done.

As to black and white ties, the former may be used with dinner jacket but not with dress coat, while the latter may be used with either, at discretion, and, as before stated here, in every case the bow must be self-tied.

Then as to dress coat and dinner jacket. The latter should not be worn where ladies are present, unless it is quite an informal or family gathering.

Sometimes, say at bridge parties, it is an arranged understanding that dinner jackets are to be worn by the men of the party.

Where in doubt, however, err on the safe side and wear a dress coat.

This Cecil Rhodesian has my best wishes that in this New Year he may shine both in shirt fronts and brains.

A tie which I always liked appears now quite difficult to get. This is in silk of Navy Blue with white spots. I went into almost a dozen shops in the West End a few days before Christmas looking for one. Foularde was to be had in quantity, but this I would not wear. Light shades of blue without the white spots were there in imposing piles, but what I actually wanted was unobtainable.

I may or may not be agreed with, but I think a good and rich silk in Navy Blue with spots, which may be smaller or larger according to fancy, is hard to beat as neck cover and adornment, and finished with either a pearl or pink coral pin is to my mind clean and good style.

I think also that with double collar, the narrow tie in blue and white tied in a bow showing over the collar is smart and effective, and goes well with the soft-fronted shirt in neat stripe of practically any colour.

The pink coral pin, a fashion which could well bear revival, will also go with a black satin scarf.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in MODERN LIFE are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

## USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

You cannot hold your own in life's battle if weak, worn, or easily jaded. Periodical attacks of moodiness, languor, despondency, depression, and groundless fears mean nerve troubles, and lead to brain fog, impaired memory, and unfit one for study, business or pleasure, those so troubled should send a post card to the Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., P.O. Box 94, Bradford, and a little book on this subject will be sent post paid and free of any charge whatsoever. Hundreds by following its teachings have remedied their trouble, thousands who ailed nothing have expressed their gratitude for the knowledge and similar letters arrive by almost every post.

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# Our New Competition!

# £4

a Week  
for

# LIFE.

## WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Feb. 7th, 1914, and for the first prize of £4 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupons we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasures or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

### Conditions Governing the Competition.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, February 7th, 1914. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to "Modern Life," No. 6 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, February 6th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, but interviews will be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made, or a fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

## MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 6

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 7th, 1914. Cross out in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. For a draw do not cross out either name.

BURNLEY  
DERBY COUNTY  
ASTON VILLA  
NEWCASTLE  
TOTTENHAM  
PRESTON  
MANCHESTER CITY  
BURY  
FULHAM  
HULL  
BRADFORD  
BARNLEY  
LEICESTER  
NOTTS COUNTY  
CARDIFF  
MILLWALL  
SWINDON  
EXETER CITY  
MERTHYR  
WEST HAM

v. OLDHAM ATHLETIC  
v. BLACKBURN  
v. WEST BROMWICH  
v. BOLTON  
v. MANCHESTER UNITED  
v. CHELSEA  
v. BRADFORD CITY  
v. WOOLWICH  
v. STOCKPORT  
v. BIRMINGHAM  
v. GLOSSOP  
v. GRIMSBY  
v. LEEDS  
v. CLAYTON  
v. COVENTRY  
v. NORWICH  
v. CRYSTAL PALACE  
v. WATFORD  
v. SOUTHAMPTON  
v. PLYMOUTH

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

# ONE X ALL

# SEEDS

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## 1867.

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